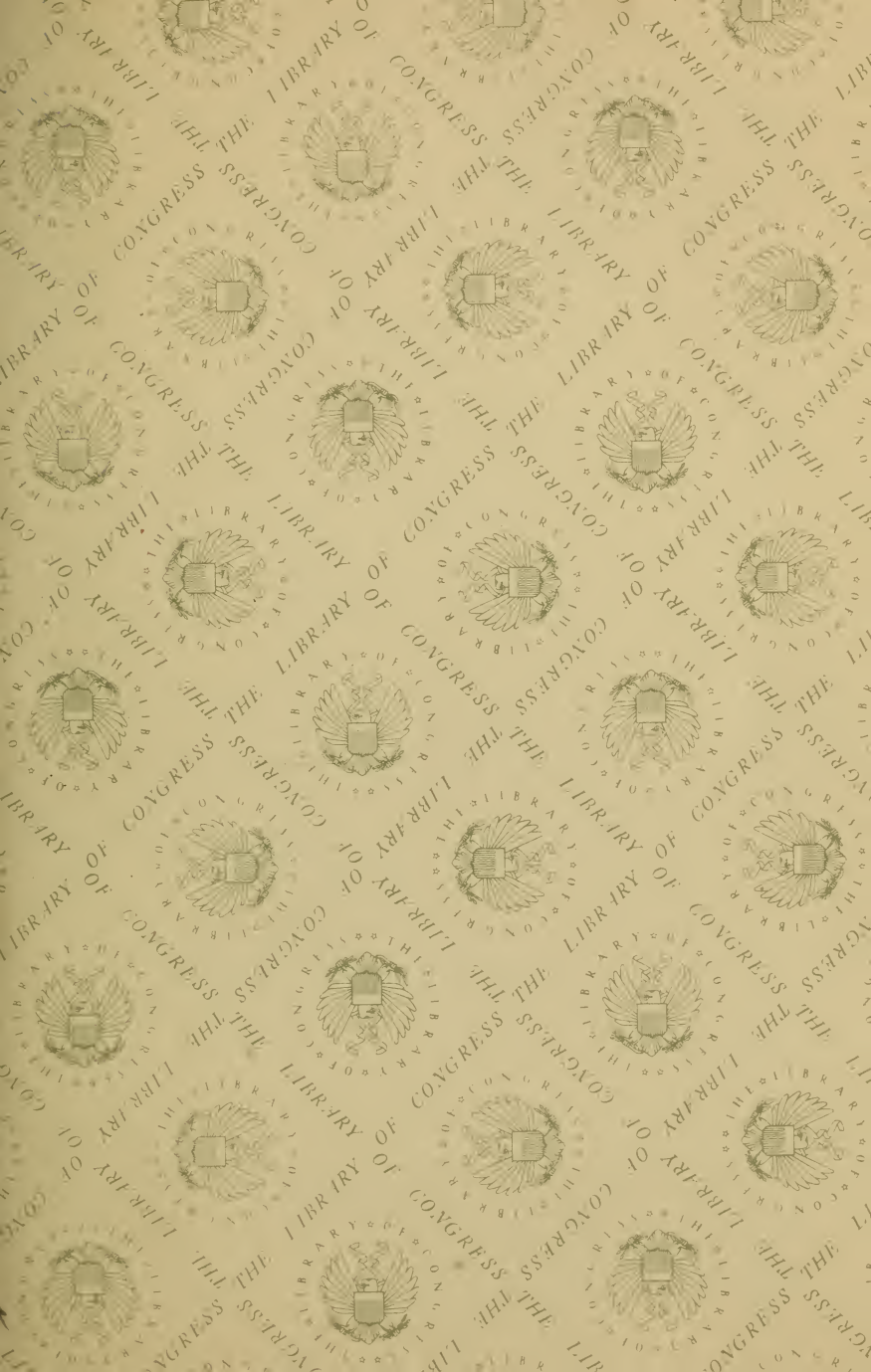


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# Joseph Yead

BY DAVID R. MOSHER



PRICE 50 CENTS





*Compliments of the first author  
of the new state*

**JOSEPH YEAD;**

**OR,**

**THE STORY OF THE BEAST  
THAT WAS, IS NOT,  
AND YET IS.**

**BY**

**DAVID R. MOSHER.**

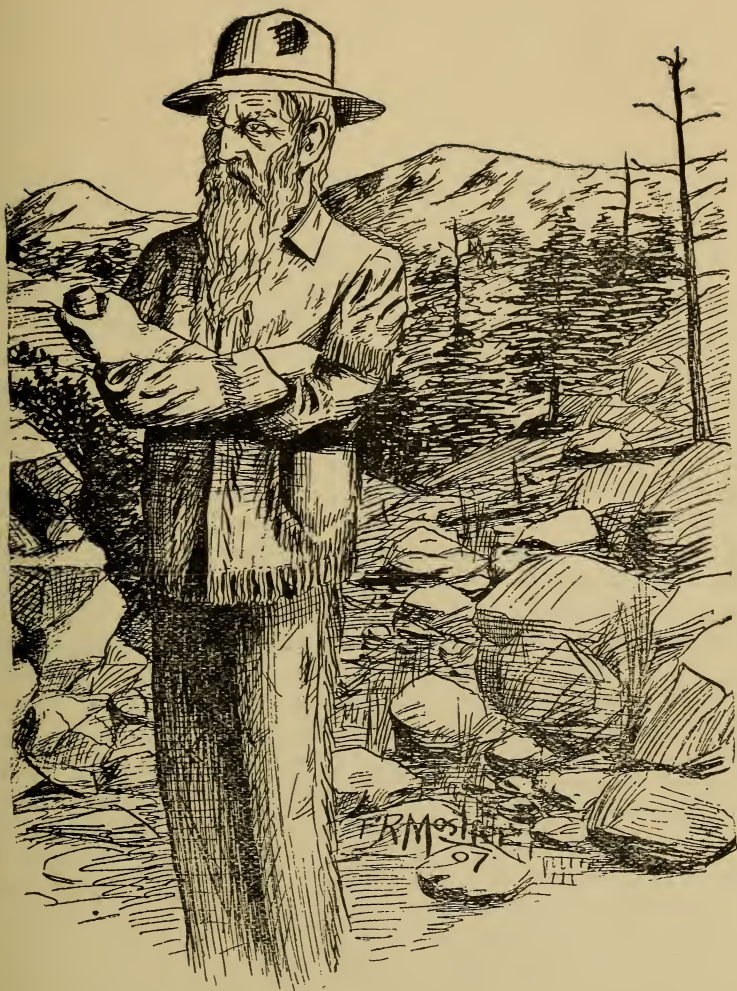


**PUBLISHED BY  
DAVID R. MOSHER,  
GUTHRIE, OKLA.**

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BY TRANSFER.  
MAY 21 1910

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1907



## JOSEPH YEAD

As He Appeared on the Trail.

BY TRANSFER  
MAY 21 1910



## PREFACE.

The author of these pages feels that there is no necessity for making an apology for the same to the reading public.

I am aware that readers of this book, as do those of other books, will either approve or condemn, according as their minds lead them to view things, and I would admonish all to read what I have to say with care and then condemn or approve as merit or demerit deserves.

To those who will approve, and are friends—for I am sure the work will have some friends—I will say that a short word of approval would be appreciated as a pearl of great price. And if you believe I have found the KEY that will unlock and open the prison door of poverty and servitude, that the suffering captives may go free, tell your friends about it and form clubs for further investigation, for Paul says: "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

To readers who will be disposed to pass adverse criticism upon the book I will say, in kindness, Christ is the only person of whom we have record who was condemned and crucified in the face of a verdict of "Not guilty," for *His* judges said: "We find no fault in Him; take Him and crucify Him!" So I would beg of you to not crucify this little book until you have shown for what you condemn it, for it necessarily follows that if a man is wise enough to say with certainty that the corporation described in these pages is not what John the Revelator saw and so minutely described, then that man should be wise enough to point out the reason why with equal certainty, and be able to tell what it was John did see and describe. He should be able to furnish at least as much evidence to prove his position as is furnished to prove that which he condemns.

To Christians who read my little offering I will say: Read the book again and tell me where I may find a book that has

stronger proof that the Bible is true, so that I may procure it and read.

To any Atheist who may read these lines, I will say: I beg your pardon, Sir! for I am sure if you do not like the book you will write an answer.

To all readers collectively, I will say that I have not always quoted the exact words of texts in Scripture—that is, *verbatim et literatim*—but have expressed the sentiment in some places and given the exact words in others.

With best wishes and love to all mankind, I beg to remain,

Yours very respectfully,

D. R. MOSHER,

Guthrie, Okla.

## INTRODUCTION.

There is no man living, endowed with ordinary intelligence, who does not recognize the fact that we are in the presence of an irresistible force. We are also conscious of the immutability of that force.

The sun, the moon and the planets revolve in their respective orbits, and have continued to do so for six thousand years of which we have record, and how many more we do not know.

When we are asked, or should we ask ourselves, what force keeps all these planets in place the answer comes to us, perhaps, in different expressions, such as God, Nature, specific gravitation, or an acknowledgment that we do not know. But all must agree that it is an irresistible force, no matter what name we apply to it, and we see that no matter how many times we change the name the force itself never changes. We may call it Nature, God, or we may use two O's instead of one and call it Good, yet there is no change. If we will but read ancient writings, or the Bible, we will notice that human beings there viewed the great phenomena as we view them today. They said God, Good, or Nature, always was. So say we. They said God, Good, or Nature never changes, and we say 'tis true. The ancients said that God rules the universe, and we say yes, Nature, Good, or you may call it God if you will, but whatever name you wish to apply, the same irresistible force rules the universe.

The Bible says God is good, and we must admit that IT is good, for from, and because of, that irresistible force, we are always in the presence of, which is variously named God, Good and Nature, we derive all the blessings that we enjoy. That force brings the rain and the sunshine; that force quickens all life in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, from

whence we draw the supplies which sustain our lives. That same Nature, or force, leads the water from the sea back up the hill, in spite of the law of gravitation, from which it again descends, a purified liquid, to refresh mankind as well as the beasts of the field and all vegetable life.

Yet men ask that foolish question, "If God made the world, who made God?" I say foolish question for the reason one had as well ask, How can there be an end of space? And yet how can there be anything without end or an extreme limit beyond which it does not exist? Again, we had as well ask if Time had a beginning or if it will have an end. It is foolish in the extreme to ask the human mind to answer questions that are infinite, because the mind being finite can not discern the infinite.

There are questions enough for us to answer, that are within our capabilities, to keep us busy for our short lifetime. Therefore, I for one am content to confine my inquiries within the bounds of my discerning power. Hence, when I see that what I please to call God furnishes all living things with food and clothing (for the birds and beasts are furnished with clothing of either hair or feathers, according to their needs) I can not avoid the conclusion that Nature or God is an intelligent Action, State, or Being. And again, when I see that God has never failed to provide the usual and necessary supply for man and beast, through the endless chain of fixed laws, it would demand a greater imagination on my part to conclude that all this harmony came from chance than it would to believe in an intelligent direction of things.

We see that we must study the plans of Nature, which is absolutely honest and always the same, in order that we may assist Nature or God in bringing about a full measure of blessings. We see that the capabilities of the earth, through the laws of Nature, or God, are augmented by educating our young men and women in schools of agriculture, where they are taught to observe more closely the fixed laws of Nature (God), for they study the plans of God and put the same into operation, and thus we have a place to fill in God's plan.

If we did not plant corn, would we reap a harvest of corn? The answer is obvious, for we know full well that the wind would sow the seeds of noxious weeds. And the plan of God being that the earth must bring forth from seed accord-



ing to the kind committed to its care, if man wishes to reap the kind that is good for his food he must do his part for God made the plan and it is up to man to use it.

When the writer became fully convinced that God had provided a perfect plan for man—not certain individuals, but *man* in the broad sense—and that that plan left a duty for man to perform, and when I saw that success depended on the man, I realized the grandeur of God's nature and saw why he made the strongest beast subservient to man, for it at once appeared to me that God intended man to use his faculties to plan the work and direct the beast with his strength to perform the labor or supply the motive power. And I at once saw that at least in some slight degree man was as God, for God made his plans and left man to do likewise and to find out God's plans as well. Again we see that as we grew in numbers and scattered over a larger area, it became necessary to have greater power than the services of beasts, that the needs of man could be supplied. Therefore, God inspired man so that he discovered the power God had placed in steam and electricity and taught man to harness it for his service, and we are all made to cry out that is GOD!, Good, or Nature—that irresistible force in whose presence we all stand, which is the ever-living and true God.

Now, Dear Reader, if you have followed me thus far I am sure you can follow me until I have finished what little more I have to say. For I must say, with Joseph Yead, I have no plan. But there is no power of reasoning that would convince me that God, who has put in operation the perfect harmony we find in this universe, could not and did not complete His work and so left us to be slaves of each other. His Earth is perfect harmony, He supplies the means to attain every good, but we must seek the means. For He says, "Seek and ye shall find; ask and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Moses and the Prophets were inspired as law givers, others to discover God's way of fashioning harness to the ox and the horse; Watt, to harness steam; Edison, to develop the power of electricity, and Joseph Yead was shown the way to Freedom and the Brotherhood of Man.

Thomas Lawson says he has a plan, and I doubt not he has, for there are many ways to produce power and they are easily found because so numerous. So if Lawson has a plan

he showed that he possessed wisdom as well, for though he had a perfect plan, had he given it to the world at once, before the people were ready to receive it, failure must be the result.

But let come and go what will, Dear Reader, remember this fact: There is a way, and that way is God's way, and it is as perfect as the Laws of Nature are perfect. I am thoroughly convinced that God reveals to men the existence of elements and the power for service they possess, and then in turn reveals the plan to utilize their power for the assistance of humanity. I assign as a reason for my belief the following: We have convincing evidence that men have discovered an elementary principle and have worked for years trying to perfect a plan to control, and to utilize that principle without success, and were almost despairing, when the idea that proved to be the right one, in many instances, came to them in their sleep. We have uncontrovertable evidence to prove that train wrecks and other disastrous calamities have been averted by reason of presentiments and dreams. Therefore, if supernatural influence controls the mind in all these things, would it not be foolish in the extreme to say that it does not and can not control in the ethical lives of humanity?

I tell you, Dear Reader, there is a plan, and a principle to work that plan, and when we are ready to apply ourselves to the research we can all find it, for it is universal, as all of God's works are universal, and it is perfect, as all other plans of God are harmonious and perfect. When the seed is planted in the mind it is quickened, as the dry and inactive kernel of corn is quickened when planting in Mother Earth, for God has fashioned the brain of man to bring forth and develop the seeds of discovery that are committed to its care, and he has fashioned the Earth to bring forth and develop the seed of vegetation, and to furnish a workshop for man and a home for beasts.

THE AUTHOR.



## CHAPTER I.

"Thanks to good Providence, I am once more in God's country," was my mental exclamation as I climbed down from a Denver and Rio Grande train at the union depot at Denver, after an absence from civilization of over three years.

The brilliantly lighted streets and depot seemed to have a bewildering effect on me as I stood for some minutes watching the throngs of people passing to and fro from the trains.

I had not experienced the luxury of pressing a feather pillow or a cotton-top mattress spread with sheets for so many months that I was at a loss to know how to proceed to procure for myself these much-coveted luxuries. My personal appearance was so unspeakably to the bad that I was afraid to move lest some of the most weakened portions of my wearing apparel would give way, and by so doing place me in a very embarrassing position to say the least, even if I should escape the vigilance of the police who were not liable to censure if they took me to the city lock-up as a vagrant; for at that moment I was in sore need of a barber and haberdasher.

As I was debating in my mind which I should call on first, the barber or the clothier, I heard my name spoken and realized that someone had penetrated my seeming disguise and recognized me. In a moment I was all action and began pushing my way through the throng of people, who seemed willing to give me all the room they could spare if by so doing they could avoid personal contact with what must have seemed to them a wild man of the mountains.

I was anxious to avoid meeting anyone with whom I was acquainted until I had interviewed the man with the razor, comb and brush and then the fellow with the hand-me-down clothes to sell, after which I should be pleased to renew acquaintance with anyone who might come along; for I was hungering for news from home.

Just before I reached the open street a man stepped in front of me and then suddenly turned facing me with outstretched hand, exclaiming as he did so, "No you don't, old man, I know you in spite of your disguise! What in the name of goodness does all this mean, anyway? Come! give an account of yourself. What crime have you committed that you should suddenly disappear from the face of the earth, and then as suddenly reappear again in these Rip Van Winkle habiliments? You look like a holy fright. Where in the mystic realm of dreamland have you been all these years?"

The man who kept up this torrent of questions, not waiting for an answer to any, gave my hand a vigorous shake and then collapsed into a paroxysm of laughter, which seemed to me, was to be endless, from which he recovered at intervals only to ply me with more questions fast and furious, punctuating each question with a mirthful "Ha ha!" and "Ho ho!"

I became aware of the fact that we were the center of a crowd of curious people while my old friend, Jack Dempsey, stood there plying me with senseless questions and laughing at my discomfiture like one gone mad; and, as I had not been given a chance to say a word up to this time, I did the only thing left for me to do, took up his merriment and we exchanged "ha ha" for "ha ha" like two bull pups barking at each other for their own amusement.

I finally called Jack to his right mind by saying: "Jack Dempsey, if you do not close that mouth of yours and get me out of here, and to some place where I can get a shave and some clothes more in keeping with the habits of civilization, I will have you arrested for cruelty to animals. Get me some place where I can clean up, and then I will tell you my story, but I can't talk here, as I am nearly famished for something to feed the inner man. And when I am myself I will tell you my story of where I have been and what I have been doing for the last few years, which seem an age to me."

"All right, come on," said Jack, "but I wish you to tell me now if you learned anything more of that white-whiskered

duffer you were so interested in the last time I saw you? You remember the one I mean I am sure."

"Yes, I remember him," I said, "and it is of him I shall speak. But first let me get rid of this crazy patch-work I have on in lieu of clothes and then I will be at your service."

We soon reached a barber shop, and while I submitted myself to an artist's care, Jack went out and soon returned with garments fit for a prince when compared to the mixture of bear and buck skin that I was wearing.

As soon as we left the barber shop we repaired to a first-class hotel. Then, as the evening was well-nigh spent, Jack left me, with a mutual understanding that we would meet on the morrow.

I was awakened early the next morning by my friend Jack pounding on my door. I arose, and after a hasty toilet went down to the dining room and met Jack, and together we partook of an excellent breakfast. Let me say in passing that if anyone would enjoy to the full the refinement of the snowy white linen and beautiful decorations of silver-ware and cut-glass of an up-to-date breakfast table they should go into the wilderness and wander about for a few months, eating half-cooked meats roasted by the camp fire and sleeping on the soft face of a granite rock; or experience the discomforts of a dusty and mouldy bed made of boughs of the pine-tree for awhile; then, and not till then, will one be able to understand what eating and sleeping really mean among a civilized people.

But to continue my story. After breakfast, as Jack had to make a small town out some ten miles from the city, we coupled business with pleasure and drove out to the town behind a spanking pair of bay horses. On the way out I began my story and continued it from time to time until finished.

"Well, Jack, if you remember, when we were last together here in this city we discovered the fact that an old gray-whiskered man had sold a large quantity of gold dust, and we concluded from his dress of buckskin that he was a regular mountain Rambler?"

"Yes, I remember old 'gray whiskers' very well," said Jack. "And I also remember that you were very anxious to

learn from whence he came, so that you might explore that region and, if possible, locate a mine of much gold and share with him the joy of getting hold of some of the same kind of 'dirt' that he seemed so well supplied with. Yes, my memory is good along that line, for I remember you proposed to postpone your trip to Boise City to some future date if I would join you in an expedition of discovery, in which the old man was to be made, unwittingly, to take a leading part, and we to be his followers. Now don't get huffy," continued Jack, "for I will admit I was as anxious as yourself to follow the old duffer, but I could not see any way to get off from home and my house."

"All right, Jack," I said, "it is perhaps as well and better that you did not join me in this hide-and-seek game, for while I did get a little gold dust out of the trip, it cost me more in hardships and time than the dust was worth—five times over—but I was more than paid by the fullness of other valuable sweets for the hardships I endured."

"Did you really follow that old fellow after all?" queried my friend. "I have guessed as much all along, which accounts for my not trying to find out what had become of you all these years."

"Yes," I answered, "I went. But if you will keep out of the game, I will tell you the whole story."

And now, without excuse or apology, I give the story to the public just as I told it to my friend.

When I left you at the corner of Seventeenth and Laramie, I at once started for the depot to arrange for my trip to Boise City, Idaho, but on my way I stepped into a jewelry-shop to see that my watch was running right, when I discovered that same old man weighing out more gold dust that he had sold to the jewelryman. In a moment my plans were changed, and I resolved to follow Mr "Gray Whiskers and Buckskin Breeches" to his bonanza.

I spent some time looking at a scarf pin, waiting for the old man to leave the store, and then I followed him like the sleuths we read of in the Nick Carter yarns, but with none of the excitement nor danger attending the sleuths of the stories mentioned.



I located my man all right at the Windsor Hotel. I then tried to locate you, only to learn from your house that you had been called to Pueblo on business, and would not return for several days; so I had to enter the chase alone.

I accordingly fixed myself for contingencies by drawing from my bankers and taking a "Letter of Credit" for all the money I had. I next took a room at the Windsor, where I learned all I could of the old man, which was next to nothing; except that he registered from Boise City, and that he had a very old-fashioned leather trunk in his room, which was all the baggage he seemed to carry.

The next day I made a discovery that helped me on to the trail, and, at the same time, made it possible for me to go on ahead and let the old man follow at his leisure. This arrangement bid fair to give me all the time I wanted in Boise City to attend to some business and await the coming of the man I was determined to shadow. My discovery was simply this: Mr. What's-his-name, for I could not make out a single letter from the scroll on the hotel register which I found there instead of a name, had purchased various supplies and some of them he had stored away in the old trunk. But I accidentally learned that he had packed several boxes and shipped them to Boise City, consigned to "J. Y." I then took another look at the hotel register, and I could plainly make out two names, one beginning with "J," and the other beginning with "Y," and as I found he had bought a considerable quantity of goods for ladies and that he had submitted measurements in each purchase of shoes, dresses, gloves, etc., this indicated to me that the articles were intended for several persons.

I therefore concluded that he was laying in supplies for himself and, perhaps, his wife and daughter, and that he could be depended upon to follow the goods to Boise. I thereupon packed my baggage and set out for Idaho.

I arrived at Boise City in due time and at once began watching for the arrival of goods marked "J. Y.," and was gratified to see them arrive on the third day. I was meditating as to how I had best proceed when something happened that I turned to my favor.

I overheard the station-master say in a loud voice, "I don't care a —— where you got the bill of lading, you must be identified before you get the goods." I at once went inside the station-house and was in time to hear the man, who was evidently after some freight and was unknown to the agent, say, "All right, I will get some one to identify me." He then left the station.

I leisurely approached the station-master, and, after making some comment on the state of the weather, asked him if he was annoyed very much by people wanting goods without proper credentials. His answer was rather short, I thought, for he said, "Not by a d——n sight, for I hold the goods until I am safe." I ventured to ask if he knew the man who owned the goods and soon learned that I was on the wrong tack, for he answered me by saying, "Cut it out, what's it to you?" I attempted to make peace by offering an apology, and begged his pardon for my seeming inquisitiveness, whereupon he looked at me with a kind of I-was-not-born-yesterday smile on his face, deliberately puckered up his lips and began whistling a horn-pipe.

As I was being worsted, I quickly left the depot, and as I went I heard some remark about a fool "tenderfoot" asking questions. I had no notion of leaving the station until I learned what goods the man was after, so I took from my pocket the latest paper and settled myself on an old rustic lawn chair and began to look over the news columns. I had barely begun reading when two men drove up to the station with a dray, and after the agent was satisfied the men began loading the goods marked "J. Y." I asked no more questions but I kept my eyes and ears open, and when one of the men said something about the distance being three or four miles to camp, it dawned on me that if I wished to locate that camp I had to be hustling. I hurried to a near-by livery stable and ordered a saddle-horse. I then went to my hotel, adjusted a wig of false hair and a full beard, changed my hat and drew on a pair of leather chaps, or leggings, and with a pair of revolvers hanging to the belt which I buckled around my waist, over my coat, I was sure no one would suspect me of being anything but a mountain ranger.



Thus disguised I made haste to the depot and found the dray had left and was just turning the hill several hundred yards to the north, and as the party had a good start I had to canter along lively to keep in sight. I followed them to their camp and there learned they had about fifty pack burros and several saddle horses. I returned to town by another route and had just turned my horse in at the stable when the drayman drove up to the livery barn, and, to my surprise, the other fellow was with him. I was glad I had left my toggery at the hotel as it lessened the danger of my being suspected of spying on them. I learned from their talk that there was someone expected to come in on the train in a few days, at which time the drayman would get another job of hauling goods to the camp. By making inquiry I learned that the man from the camp was the owner of a burro train, which consists of a drove of pack-jacks, and that he was engaged in packing goods across the mountains and delivering them to the owners at places where a wagon could not go, as there were no roads, but narrow trails that led down steep canons, through jungles and forests, over rugged mountains with snow-capped peaks, and at last would lead to the camp of some lonely gold hunter in the mountain fastnesses. I afterwards learned that the trails faded into mere landmarks, known only to these mountain climbers, for no path could be seen, and a tenderfoot (as inexperienced travelers are called) could do nothing but stumble along over rocks and logs, through woods and canons, knowing nothing of direction only as he consulted his compass, without which he would have been lost in a labyrinth of hills. I gathered from their conversation that the destination of the goods consigned to "J. Y." was some place in the Bitter Root mountains, and on consulting my map I could see there was a long journey ahead if I was to follow the old man with the white whiskers to the place of hidden treasure. I set about fixing myself for the trip. I bought a saddle horse for myself, which proved to be a noble animal. I next purchased a train of ten pack-jacks, a tent, and, in short, all the supplies necessary for an extended trip in the mountains. I engaged a guide who was recommended to me, and, by his advice, I added many things to

my kit which proved to be indispensable, such as snow shoes, a compass and an abundance of ammunition for my fire-arms. I had a medicine box with bandages, scissors, thread, needles, pinchers, files, horse and jack, shoes and nails—and a hundred more things that I will not mention. But the strangest thing of all, the guide, or pack-man, whose name was Ted, would have me get quite a bundle of baling wire; and its usefulness proved to be so great that I voted Ted captain of the ship. I will not take time to tell you of the uses we put the wire to, but will say that if you wish to know what a utility wire is good on a pack trip and you will be made wise by experience.

As we were now fully equipped I decided to go into camp and await developments. We chose our camping place about a half mile from the camp of the "J. Y." outfit. Ted was a good cook and he cared for the camp, while I was on the lookout. He soon discovered that I was interested in the "J. Y." outfit, but was a close-mouthed fellow and kept his own counsel. We were in camp about three days when the longlooked-for "J. Y." showed up. I returned from town on the second day after his arrival and found Ted packing the jacks. When I asked why he was packing, he said, "I see some of our neighbors are going to leave these parts, so I thought, perhaps, you were tired of this inaction, and if you were willing we would start our end of the pack-train. I rode to a point where I could see the "J. Y." pack train and found they were already on the move. I hastened back to camp and we were soon on their trail. So, at last, I had set out to follow an old man with gray whiskers just to satisfy my curiosity, for I well knew I could not hope to share with him his mining possessions, as I was not ignorant of the law governing mining claims and mineral lands. I was aware that if I found gold I would have to discover the precious metal on land that was yet unclaimed before I could own any of it.

I will not enter into a detailed description of our weary journey over the long, winding trail we followed for the next fifteen days, but I will simply say we traveled at the rate of about twenty miles each day. Our path lay in a northeasterly direction, and was over a semi-table land. Sometimes for many hours we would plod along over a comparatively

level country so densely covered with sage-brush that the hair was worn from the legs of horse and jack and in many places the skin was rendered swollen and bleeding from constant contact with the brush. We fared very well most of the time, and the trip would have been pleasant enough had we not suffered for water. On account of the scarcity of that cooling fluid for a stretch of about eighty miles both man and beast nearly famished. But by forced marches we covered the expanse in a little over two days, at the end of which time we emerged from a veritable desert into a beautiful forest of quaking asp and fir trees and went into camp beside a mountain brook whose water was as sparkling and clear as an Australian diamond. We imitated the "J. Y." people and remained in camp one whole day, that we might refresh ourselves and give our pack animals a much needed rest. As the mountain parks and foothills were covered with succulent grass it was with pleasure we watched our stock feasting on its tender shoots and reveling in the cooling shade from the green-clad hills, while the stately pines and towering peaks and mountain crags presented a landscape to delight the eye of an artist or a fairy queen of Beulah land.

Up to the time we entered the waterless plain we had followed our leaders at as great a distance to the rear as was permissible without danger of losing sight of them at some sudden turn they might make, but on entering the desert country they increased their pace so that we were forced to abandon all caution and drive our packs under the lash so incessantly that it seemed almost wanton cruelty. Had we not maintained our energy and vigilance we would have been left so far behind that they could have easily lost themselves to us at any turn in their road. So, like Ruth following Naomi, we exclaimed in actions, if not in words: "Entreat me not to leave Thee, or to return from following after Thee, for whither Thou goest I will go; and whither thou lodgest, I will lodge." Therefore, we pitched our camp within a few hundred yards of our leaders in the chase.

During our stay in camp there was no visiting between the camps. After one day's rest, the "J. Y.," as we called them, were up and away bright and early. We made no move until



they were out of sight. I then quickly saddled my horse and pushed on ahead that I might avoid losing them, as there was no trail that they seemed to be following. I soon reached the summit of a small hill some two miles to the north, from which I could see my leading friends, and to my surprise they had made a turn and were bearing west about eighty-five degrees. I kept well out of sight under the hill and brought my field-glass into play, as I wished to learn what Mr. "J. Y." was doing, for he had dropped behind his pack and was standing on the ground by his horse. As I brought my field-glass to my eyes I discovered he was about to use his glass also. So I retreated behind the hill and quickly dismounted and ran to a rock around which I could watch without being seen. By this time I could see he was sweeping the hill on which I stood, and over which he had passed, as if he was expecting to see my pack appear again on his trail. I kept myself well under cover of the rock, feeling sure he could not see me. In this, I afterward learned, I was mistaken.

While I was thus watching him he took something from his saddle-bags and covered his head with what appeared to be a dark cloth, and stood for a minute, after which he returned his glass to its case, mounted his horse and soon disappeared from my sight, following the wake of his pack train. I hastened with all speed to camp, where I found Ted just swinging the pack into line. We did not follow the trail of the "J. Y." pack, but turned west-by-north at once, seeking to avoid the appearance of following and spying on Mr. "J. Y." We traveled until noon without incident, only I was worked to the limit keeping track of the "J. Y." people and communicating with Ted so that he might know of any change in the program. At the noon hour the sun became obscured by clouds that had been gathering all morning, and at about 2 o'clock quite a dense fog set in, attended with showers of rain at intervals. But for our rain coats and the rain-cloth covers we had for each pack we would have been wet to the skin and our goods ruined. Again I had occasion to thank my guide for his advice, without which I should not have provided the coverings for the packs.

We plodded on and on through rain and fog, and, though

I tried all the charms of hypnotic suggestion and mental influence, and all the conjuring of mind over matter that I had ever read of, to force our friends into camp, all was of no avail; the "J. Y." pack-train seemed obstinate and difficult to control, and so kept on their way without regard to my wishes in the matter. Finally, with joy, I saw my task-masters pitch their camp for the night. I was so tired that I believed myself to be the most worn-out and wretched man ever known. I spurred my jaded horse into as fast a pace as was possible over the most abominable footing I ever beheld, which was rendered more difficult because of the mud. The rocks were wet and slippery, so my horse could do little better than stumble along back to camp. We selected a good place for our bauvoose, and as soon as the stock was cared for and supper over we turned in for the night. The next morning we were out early, notwithstanding it was still raining. While Ted was looking after the stock I went over to within sight of "J. Y.'s" camp and found them still there and no one stirring. I hurried back to camp, and, after breakfast, took up my station as watchman. The clouds gathering low down indicated a dismal day. Within an hour they had settled down on the mountains and become so dense that one could not see fifty steps in any direction. I had heard of mountain fog and became alarmed lest I be caught from camp and be unable to find my way. So I returned as hastily as I could, for I had no fear of anyone trying to travel through such a fog in such a wild and pathless country. It was well that I did retrace my steps so hastily for even then it became necessary for Ted to guide me back to camp by his answering call. I had to dismount and lead my horse and pick each footstep to avoid stumbling in some pitfall; the fog was so dense I could not see my own feet without stooping. In fact, I was but little better than a man totally blind. I reached camp in safety, but no amount of money could have induced me to move out again until the fog raised, which it did not do until about 4 o'clock, and even then it re-settled within an hour. As soon as I dared do so I hastened to see if my friends of the "J. Y." were still in camp, but when I reached my lookout I discovered they were gone. I went to their camping

place, and the few signs I knew indicated they had been gone hours. I tried to decipher the direction they had taken, and had about concluded they had gone west, when I noticed that terrible gray fog settling down like a lake of water and gradually engulfing the vallies below. I made haste to retrace my steps, but was soon overtaken by the fog. I followed the tracks of my own horse until they were no longer visible, and as I had frequently consulted my compass for direction I judged from the distance I had traveled that I was near camp, but, upon calling Ted, I received no response. So I kept on my course, but made very little progress, as it was now dark even without the fog. I discharged my revolver to attract the attention of Ted, and heard his answering shot, but was unable to tell the direction the sound came from. To test my own senses I turned my face toward what I believed to be north, then lit a match, and my compass said I was facing south instead of north, and it dawned on me that I was like the Indian who could not find his way to the wigwam and who maintained that he was not lost, but said the wigwam was lost. I traveled on for two hundred yards in a direction I believed due east, when, stopping to consult my compass, I found I was still going south. I again turned east, as camp was in that direction, so I believed, and went on for some distance, when I came upon a cliff of rocks at the foot of which was a drift of dry logs and dead brush. I then discovered a recess in the rocks or a kind of cave. I went up under the overhanging rocks and found a pitch pine log, and I gathered some dry twigs and pine knots and soon had a fire, being benumbed with cold. I piled heaps of wood on the fire and soon felt fine, only I was suffering for want of supper.

I found by experiment that the strong fire-light could not penetrate that fog more than a few feet. So I gave up hunting for camp and spent the balance of the night at my lonely fireside. And as fatigue is the best opiate, I soon fell asleep.

I had piled on my fire several red cedar logs, with the other wood, which kept up a continual musketry of sparks, which forced me to retreat to a safe distance where I made a



bed of brush. When a spark would alight on my hands or face I was reminded of Dante's *Inferno* and his description of the sparks of sputtering molten metal raining on the naked backs of the spirits who were damned for deeds done while on earth in the flesh.

Sometime in the latter part of the night, I was awakened by a live coal of fire that had been snapped from a burning cedar log and had alighted upon the end of my nose. When I had dislodged the offending cinder and realized I was still lost I began to look about to see if the fog was lifting, when my eye caught sight of a moving object, and, as I watched I could see two glaring eyes peering through the under-brush. I at once realized that the chance shot of the coal of fire had awakened me in time to protect myself from some wild beast. I cautiously swung my rifle into line, making as little movement as possible, then lay still and watched. I soon discovered the beast was stealthily approaching, for I could see its head and neck by the light of the smouldering fire. It continued to draw nearer until it finally crouched upon a flat rock not over one hundred feet away. As it seemed about to gather its forces to spring my horse became excited and began pawing the ground, which caused the cougar or mountain lion (which the beast proved to be), to turn its head for a moment. I took quick advantage of this second of time, for the moment his eyes turned back to me I sent a ball of lead crashing through his brain. At the crack of my rifle the cougar came forward with a bound and fell dead within twenty feet of my brush hammock. As soon as my excitement subsided I proceeded to remove the skin of the beast, which I wished to preserve as a trophy. When I had finished the night was well-nigh spent, but as I sat by the fire resting and waiting for day I fell into a light slumber, from which I awoke the next morning in time to see the sun rising in the west, but on taking my compass into counsel I decided that I was wrong or the compass was. I consulted my pocket mirror to see if I was cross-eyed, and could hardly resist looking at my feet to see if they were still as they should be—toes in front and heels behind. The fog had disappeared during the night, and as the day was clear and bright I soon got my

bearings and reached camp in time to awaken Ted, who had fallen asleep by the fire he had kindled on a high place to light me along life's pathway.

Ted explained that he knew by the sound of my shots that I was going from, rather than toward, camp. He also explained that none but the most experienced can discern the direction of a noise caused by discharging fire-arms in a mountainous country, as the echo confuses from being thrown back from so many directions.

As soon as breakfast was over we were on the move, and soon reached the last camping grounds of the "J. Y." that we had any record of. With Ted's experience we were soon on the trail, which we followed nearly west for about two miles, when it turned north to where they had evidently gone into camp. From this camp they left no trail, as the several tracks we could find seemed to lead in different directions. So we used the remainder of that day trying to find where they came together again, as the scattered tracks proved that they had separated. For two days we made wide detours in search of their trail, but all to no purpose; Mr. "J. Y." had given us the slip, leaving not a trace on which we could form an opinion as to the direction they had taken. I knew their destination was somewhere in the Bitter Root mountains, so I resolved to find their place of retreat if it took me a year to do it and I was compelled to explore that range of mountains from end to end. When I engaged my guide I could not contract with him for longer than a month, and as there were only ten days remaining I did not know what I was going to do, as Ted told me he must return to Boise City, for he had contracted with another party for the summer, with the privilege of a year, and that he would suffer great loss rather than violate his word. I therefore had no choice but to let him go when his time expired. For the next eight days we traveled north-by-west along the trend of the Bitter Root mountains. I was learning the art of exploration very rapidly, and Ted encouraged me by saying I knew more about the altitude, spurs and angles of mountains than half of the guides in the hills who preyed upon tenderfoot tourists, would ever know. He said all I needed was a good, trusty man to care for camp

and cook, and that a guide could do no more for me than I could do for myself. I was a good rifle and pistol shot and had supplied our camp with plenty of fresh meat ever since we reached the hills, so I was safe on that score. But I wanted someone to act as cook and for company. But we knew of no way of supplying my wants, for there was no one I could get in this man-forsaken country of mountain canons and wild animals. We had not seen a white man since we lost sight of my friend of the "J. Y." pack-train. I had learned the art of packing, camp-building, and cooking, so I could get on very well, but I could not see how I was to keep my pack animals from wandering off and becoming lost to me while I was making explorations. On the last day Ted was with me we remained in camp and finished our settlement, in which I turned over to him four of the jacks, as I did not have use for so many; and, after I had written a letter of commendation, which was filed away in an old bill book with many others of the same kind, we proceeded to rest up for the morrow's labors.

I was loth to part with my guide, as he was a fine fellow and a companion as well as guide. But I was fully determined to go on with my search, not that I cared so much about locating Mr. "J. Y.," but I had gotten into the game and the adventurous spirit had taken such hold of me that I could not get the consent of my mind to turn back until I had seen more of this wild mountainous country. As Ted proceeded to get up the last supper we were to take together for many weeks he called my attention to a man approaching from the mountain, and, by using my glass, I could see he was coming straight toward us. Ted said he was, in all probability, some fiendish gold-hunter who had been starved out and was making his way back to civilization, where he could work and get supplies to enable him to toil on yet another year in the hope of forcing the mountains to give up their hidden treasure. I afterward learned there were many hundreds of men in the Rocky Mountains who suffered from privation and hid themselves from civilization all their lives, buoyed up by the hope of finding a mine that would return them fabulous wealth, only to come to their final end with that hope unre-



alized; for those poor creatures almost invariably believe that if they can only sink their mine just a few more feet they will uncover untold millions. I have heard these poor sufferers bewailing their ill-luck because they have to die at the very moment of success, as they believed; when, in fact, what they are pleased to call their gold mine would not sell for enough cash to buy a hole in a doughnut.

We had just begun our evening meal when, to our surprise, the man we had noticed coming toward us from the hills walked into camp. He had covered a distance of not less than two miles in twenty-five minutes. As we watched him he seemed to bound along like a rubber ball. His easy swing of foot reminded me of a pacing horse more than anything I could think of. Just before he reached camp Ted remarked, "Well, by gum, that fellow is a sure thing hummer on foot." Almost before Ted had finished speaking the man was in camp, and, without preliminaries, began speaking to us in the brogue of a Frenchman.

He began by politely saying: "I trust ze travelere dus not intrude on ze privasee of ze gentlemens." And upon being told he was welcome to our campfire and to as many other comforts as we possessed, he began to unload the pack which he carried on his back.

He had a roll of blankets, his rifle, a Colts revolver, a hunting-knife, some bacon and venison and other articles of food, all of which are necessary for a traveler to have constantly at hand when he is in this country, for there are no spare bed-rooms nor friendly inns where the weary and hungry can obtain food and lodging. So a man traveling without pack animals must act as his own jack-ass.

This lonely traveler proved he was no tenderfoot, for without delay he began to prepare his supper from his pack, after asking permission to use our fire. We prevailed upon him to partake of our food, to which, after considerable urging, he did full justice.

And now, while he is eating, we will describe him, for he proved to be a bad man, and a thorn in the flesh, as will be seen as we proceed. He gave his name as Max M. De Jaques. He was rather spare of build, but with good heavy shoulders



that stooped enough to suggest a crouching posture. His every movement was quick and executed without seeming effort. His small, black, weasely eyes were so close together one might wonder how an instrument could be sufficiently sharp-pointed to jab one eye out without getting both. His hair was black as a raven and straight as an Indian's. His forehead was low and receding, and, with a high-bridged nose, thin lips, dark skin and sharp features, he was not handsome to look upon, nor did he inspire one with an over-confidence that he was a harmless character. Soon after nightfall Max M. De Jaques rolled himself in his blanket and was soon fast asleep.

The following morning, while Ted was rounding up the pack animals and making ready for his trip back to Boise City, I prepared breakfast and talked to "Frenchie," who told me he had one of "ze viry rich mines," and that he must go to the settlement and work for money so he could get "ze gold from ze mine." He admitted that no gold was in sight, but was sure it must be there for the reason that he was sinking a tunnel in the mountain just like the one he had seen at Ouray, Colorado, from which so much gold was taken that one hundred jacks each day could not carry it to town.

I could not bring myself to believe the man quite straight, but, as I needed some one and he seemed anxious for work, I engaged him to work for me, his time to begin at once, with which arrangement he seemed well pleased. When I informed Ted that I was to retain "Frenchie" he said I had better keep my eyes open for he did not like his looks; that he did not appear to be what he claimed. So I was more resolved to be on my guard, inasmuch as Ted had formed the same impression of the man that I had.

Now, as Ted was off, and I had arranged with him to either come himself or send a good man to me in September with fresh supplies, and we had arranged the place of meeting, I sat upon a high crag beside the trail and watched Ted's little pack-train as he moved off down the mountain side and was lost to view among the foothills in the distance.

When I could no longer hear his cheery voice calling "Hike there, Mike," and, "Skip, there, Jim," and the last faint notes of his favorite song came floating back to me on the

clear, soft air of the morning, I fell into a mood of lonesomeness and was lost to the flight of time and my surroundings. The tinkling of the bell on my own burro seemed to add to, rather than detract from, my feeling of loneliness. How long I sat there thinking, or how long I would have continued in my lonesome muse I know not had I not been aroused by the appearance of a beautiful rainbow that was reflected from a cloud far below in the valley. And as I feasted my eyes on its iridescence and shimmering rubicund I was impressed by the fact that contrary to all my past experience with rainbows this one was between me and the sun and its bow was inverted, with the ends reaching high upon the mountain side, as if it were lying on its back. As I was meditating upon this strange phenomenon I chanced to glance further to my left, where I discovered a heavy cloud rising from the lowlands, and, as I watched its ocean-like appearance, there appeared upon its bosom the picture of a city surrounded by farms, lanes and forests. I at once realized that I was looking upon my first mirage picture. I have since that day seen several similar pictures, but none under such favorable circumstances.

When the picture and rainbow had faded away I arose and hurried to camp, where "Frenchie" had everything in ship-shape to move. I will say here that Max M. De Jaques was the quickest and neatest packman I ever saw, and as a cook his equal was not in the Rockies.

For the next three months we moved camp every few days, and I explored every canon and valley on both sides of the mountains. There was plenty of game, and as I was becoming an expert hunter we were sometimes over-supplied with fresh meat.

We were now in a region where there were a goodly number of prospectors, as the gold-mine hunters were called, so I avoided wasting my game by giving the surplus to these men, who would always offer pay for the meat, and in most cases they would refuse to take it unless I would accept reasonable compensation.

At this season of the year there were quite a number of packmen coming into the mountains in quest of wild game of all kinds, which they transported across the mountains and

disposed of at summer resorts at a tremendous profit. I supplied these trains with part of their cargo, and, in a few instances, I was able to supply the full load. So it happened that I found myself possessed of more money than I cared to carry about my person or my camp. I offered to pay "Frenchie" his wages, but he would say, "Ze mon I no want now, I take ze mon alle when I go back to ze mine."

As we were now nearing the 1st of September I moved my camp in a northwesterly direction to a place Ted had described to me so minutely that I recognized it as soon as I arrived, and where I was to meet him or the man he was to send me with fresh supplies. We went into camp well up on the side of the mountain opposite the twin mountains, called "the Twin Ball Mountains." These ponderous hills are so much alike that one cannot discern any difference in their appearance. About eight miles north stood the highest peak in the Bitter Root chain. In fact, Ted showed me the peak from where we stood when we fixed the place of meeting. I stayed here over a month, and with my rifle I laid in fresh meat enough to do me for many months, but I learned there would be plenty of game in this region for two months yet. On meeting a burro pack that had failed to get a cargo further south I turned over a full pack-load after adding the supply of two more days' killings.

Up to this time I had no complaint to make of "Frenchie," for he had been all, and more, than I could reasonably expect. A fine cook and packman he was, but a good shot or hunter he was not. He seemed to be unable to get his eyes to work except at cross-purposes when trying to use a rifle, while in all other matters his eyes seemed to be able to see a gnat at five hundred paces and his ears to hear the slightest unusual sound. His movements were so quick and cat-like I verily believe a weasel was his only equal, and even that question is debatable. Many times he approached me so close that he could have reached forth his hand and touched me without my hearing his footsteps—I have since come to know he was experimenting to see how watchful I was—and as I am not easily startled I evinced no surprise at his pres-



ence, and sometimes spoke to him without turning my head, as if I had seen him approach.

One night, after I had sold my game to the last packman of the season as I was lying in my bunk, my hand resting against the wall, I felt the wall of the tent tremble as if the center strings to my compartment were being drawn. As I was wondering what could be the cause I saw "Frenchie," with his cat-like tread, approaching my cot. There was just light enough so that I could see his form, but could not see whether he had anything in his hand. I lay perfectly still but on the alert, with my right hand clinched and my muscles strained ready to spring if I saw danger. On he came and stooped over me, as if peering into my face to see if I was asleep. When I was sure he was within reach of my fist I dealt him a stinging blow in the face, which sent him sprawling across the tent to the ground, whereupon he began to chatter something about "ze jack-ass kicking." I sprang to my feet and struck a light. While he was still on the ground I ordered him to arise, but he seemed not to hear me, but kept on talking of the jack-ass kicking him in the face and then getting away from him.

While I was wondering if I had crazed him with my blow he deliberately arose and went to his couch, wrapped his blanket around himself and lay down. I concluded he was walking in his sleep, and re-tied the flaps and drew the knots taught and went back to sleep.

He was up early the next morning and had breakfast ready when I came out. When I asked him what had bruised his face he said he did not know, but he had dreamed during the night that a jack had kicked him and then broke his halter and escaped. When I asked him if he ever walked in his sleep he seemed to have never heard of such a thing being done by any one, and said he was sure he could not get up without waking. So I was fully convinced he was asleep when I struck him and was sorry I did it.

For several days he seemed worried about his face being bruised and because he did not know how it was done, nor when. Though his part was well acted, subsequent events proved this little piece of deception only child's play when



compared to the villainy of which this devil incarnate was capable.

One day, soon after "Frenchie's" sleep-walking incident, I returned to camp for my compass, that I had forgotten, and found "Frenchie" gone, although he had said he would stay in camp that day. I, thinking perhaps he had gone to see after the stock, procured my compass and was again on my way, when I remembered that "Frenchie" had said the day before he should want his money for he intended sending for a supply of provisions at once. I saw no way for him to send, yet he was entitled to his money. So I explained to him that I kept but little money about me and that I would pay him in a day or two—as soon as I could make a trip to where I had hidden the money. As I proceeded this matter of money, and "Frenchie's" absence from the camp kept recurring to my mind, and I finally left my course and made a detour of my cabin. I had gone but half way around the cabin when I saw four saddle horses hitched in a clump of trees that grew in a cluster in a deep canon. I dismounted and left my horse in the background for fear he might give a too noisy greeting to his kind and thus circumvent my investigations. I picked my way carefully, taking care to keep hid as much as possible. I had proceeded only about three hundred yards, to a point of rock overlooking the valley below, when I discovered five men, who were, seemingly in consultation. By using my field-glass I could see that there were four strangers and "Frenchie" made the fifth man. I was determined to watch these fellows to find out what their business with "Frenchie" was. I secreted my horse on the opposite side of the cabin from which the men were, and then stationed myself in a position overlooking my cabin. I had only fairly secreted myself when I saw the men approaching the camp, where they held another "powwow." I should have been glad to overhear their conversation for I could but feel that all was not right, for honest men would not use such precaution as they had by secreting their horses and calling "Frenchie" away from the cabin. At the end of half an hour they took leave of "Frenchie," each in turn shaking hands with him. When they gained their horses they soon disappeared beyond

the hill, and as "Frenchie" went about his duties as usual I proceeded on my way. As I was intending to visit my hidden storehouse and carry "Frenchie's" accrued wages to him, I was very careful that I was not spied upon.

I returned to camp about 4 o'clock and found everything in perfect order and "Frenchie" in good spirits and, rather talkative. I counted his time with him and paid him his dues, but took good care to let him see I had but a few dollars left after he was paid. I was sure there appeared on his face a flash of disappointment and surprise when he realized I had paid him nearly all the money I had brought, but it was only momentary and I might have been mistaken, as my mind was in a too suspicious state. I also noticed that "Frenchie" was much more talkative than usual, and once or twice I was sure I detected the omission of the French accent in his speech. But when he in a matter-of-fact manner told me of the visit he had received from the horsemen, who, he said, were to come again in twenty days, when he would employ them to bring him supplies, after which he would go to his mine for the winter, I was fully satisfied that my suspicions were unfounded.

The next day after the incident of "Frenchie" and his visitors I went farther from camp than usual, and reached a point near the cabin of an old miner with whom I had formed a friendship and to whom I had given fresh meat, and had called upon several times during a few days that I had my camp near his cabin. As I was so near the old man I went to his place to make a friendly call, for he had a very bright mind for a man who had spent so many years in the mines.

When I arrived at his cabin I found he had fallen and broken his leg, and, for want of care and because of his age, blood-poison had set in, and I saw at once there was no hope for recovery, but I hastened back to my cabin for my medicine chest. I told "Frenchie" of the old man's condition, and I also told him I should not return until the poor old man was dead. I then hastened back to him and proceeded to do all I could for his comfort.

The old man had spent forty years of his life developing a hole in the mountain that he called a "mine" and which he

had named "The Fairy Queen." I am sure a more despotic queen never ruled an enslaved people who had more homage paid her than this old man rendered to this "Fairy Queen," which was just a hole in the mountain, and had no value save as a monument to the life-long industry of this gold-crazed man.

I stayed with the old man for five days, when the end came. By the help of two old fellows who were owners of as valuable mines as that of the dead prospector, we laid the old man to his last long rest.

The second day I was with him the old man willed me all his earthly possessions. So it happened that when I least expected it I was sole owner of a gold mine and some mining tools and camp trumpery. I gave everything to the two old hermits who helped bury the old man and took a few of the best specimens of ore from the hole in the hill, which proved "The Fairy Queen" to have not even a good pretense of value. I honestly believe that in an average lifetime a man could not have taken enough gold from this miserable failure to fill a small cavity in the tooth of the smallest fairy queen described by the writer of Aesop's Fables.

The old man gave me a bundle of papers, which I examined after his death, and, to my surprise, I found some writing which gave the most minute measurements and other directions which would, if followed, so the writer said, lead to what he called his "grub-stake." There was a tape line in the bundle also. Then followed full directions how to proceed in working "The Fairy Queen" so as to reach the great body of ore the old man believed would be uncovered by following his directions. While I had no faith in the mine I did believe in the old man's grub-stake, for I had discovered in his character the marks of an ideal man on whose honor one could safely confide.

The writing was in a plain, bold hand, and the directing words were few and easy to follow. The closing paragraph recited how he had come into possession of this "grub-stake" by honest toil in the placer mines of southwestern Colorado, where he had worked out a small placer mine that he had staked under the name of "303." He also said in his writ-

ings that he had no living kinsman, and he wished the one to whom he gave the papers to use the "grub-stake" as his own, without fear of its having been dishonestly obtained.

I followed the directions given, and at the base of a large granite boulder I dug up a round box which was so heavy I could not lift it. After many experiments I discovered the lid screwed on and off. So I opened the strange box and found twenty-four buck-skin bags filled with gold dust and nuggets, which I weighed out on a pair of mineral scales I found in the old cabin. The gold dust was worth eighteen thousand dollars, which was, after all, a wonderful return for the labor of five days in the interest of humanity.

After I had marked the last resting place of the old man I removed the bags of gold dust and placed them with my own little hoard. I then went back to my own cabin, where I found "Frenchie" had looked after everything in a manner that was highly satisfactory.

Two or three days after the above incident, "Frenchie" asked me for a two days' leave of absence, as he wished to go see an old miner and repay him a loan he had obtained several months before he came to my camp. I granted him the time he asked for, and he set out on his trip early the next morning.



## CHAPTER II.

While "Frenchie" was gone I planned a scheme by which I hoped to overhear any further counseling that took place in my cabin. I recalled the fact that I had two telephone receivers which I had used at school in the operation of a private 'phone line between my room and that of a student across the street. I hunted them out, and placed them in service for my scheme.

I will here explain that I had determined to make my present camp headquarters for the coming winter, so had builded a cabin and a log stable for my pack-animals.

I now used the bundle of baling-wire which Ted had advised me to add to my outfit before we left Boise City, and, after attaching the 'phone receiver to one end, I proceeded to string the wire along the eaves of the cabin, using care to hide the wire well behind the bark and chinking of the logs. I then carried the wire to the ground, and outside the cabin under the foundation log, thence to a nearby canon, and along its steep bank at a place where man or beast was least likely to go, ending at a point about eighty rods to the east of the cabin. I then attached the other receiver to the wire. This arrangement formed a complete 'phone line from the cabin to the point of rocks, which was well hidden by a clump of bottom willows. To test the efficiency of this improvised 'phone I separated one of the jacks from the others and tied him within twenty steps of the cabin. I then removed the other jacks from the sight of this one, which caused him to raise his voice in protest. I then hurried to the point of rocks, and was delighted with the success of my experiment, for I could not only hear the bray of the burro, but I could hear the chain of his halter rattling against the post

to which it was made fast. I now completed my 'phone line by burying the wire, where there was danger of its being discovered, encased in alder tubes. After all was finished I made a second test which proved the device a perfect success. I then removed all traces of my work.

About noon of the third day "Frenchie" came gliding into camp, for which I was truly glad, as I had not been hunting for sometime, and I was anxious to test my 'phone on the human voice. So the next day I placed myself at the other end of the 'phone line and waited for some time without hearing any sound except what I believed was the soft footsteps of "Frenchie" as he went about the camp. I was finally rewarded for my patience by hearing "Frenchie" splitting kindling, and soon thereafter I could hardly suppress my laughter, for I heard "Frenchie" curse in good western style over some mishap which had befallen him. This ended my tests, for I was now assured of success.

I now went hunting every day, but I bagged no game to mention, for I was too deeply interested in testing my suspicions as to "Frenchie's" loyalty to go far from the camp, over which I kept a good lookout.

About five days after "Frenchie's" return I discovered five horsemen approaching from the west. As soon as I satisfied myself they were making for my cabin I hurried to my 'phone and noted results. I had been at the 'phone but a few minutes when I heard a horse whinnying, followed by a shrill whistle. I then heard "Frenchie's" voice call, "Come on in, I am alone; 'the boss' is out for the day." I was startled beyond measure, for "Frenchie" did not use the French accent, yet I knew it was he, for it was close to the other end of the line. The answer seemed far away, and was so inarticulate I could not catch the words. I waited several minutes, but could hear only incoherent voices mingling together, as if there were several people talking at once. I was about despairing of being able to accomplish my purpose when the words became plain and I could understand nearly all that was said. I heard "Frenchie" say, "'The boss' will not likely return until four or five o'clock," followed by a confusion of voices. I then heard a voice ask, "Do you know

where the money is"? And, following the question, I heard "Frenchie," who had resumed his French accent, tell how "the boss" had hid his money, and how he had followed "the boss" to where he was sure the money was, but could not find the exact place it was hidden. I now heard a voice break and say, "Ah, hell! Costillo, cut out that French gibberish and talk United States. You can practice that on 'the boss,' but not on us." I mentally tendered a vote of thanks to the voice that stopped "Frenchie" from using his jabbering, as I could now hear and perfectly understand everything that was said. I gathered from their conversation that they would run a blind on me by binding "Frenchie" and use him to extort my money from me, as a ransom. Failing in that, they would hold up and bind me also, and, with threats, and even torture, force me to lead them to my treasure box. "Frenchie" told them I was very determined, and would probably die before I would comply, and they made answer: "He is not the first stubborn fool to be flung from the cliff."

By this time I was so much aroused and angered I left the 'phone, snatched up my rifle and made for the cabin, emitting the breath of vengeance at every stride; but I recalled the fact that they had spoken of another "job" they had in sight, and I was also aware of the more important fact that in my present frame of mind I would be sure to kill some one, or, perhaps, get killed myself. And as there was no good reason for either I wiped the hot perspiration from my brow and coolly returned to the 'phone to hear more of their plans. When I again took up the receiver I learned they had about finished the arrangement so far as I was concerned. "Frenchie" told them he had not been paid half his wages, and they agreed his pay should come first and the balance should be divided equally. He argued that he should have my horse extra to pay for the blow I had struck him, and he then coolly told them how he had tried to kill me in my sleep at a time he knew all the money was in the tent. Oh, how my fingers tingled to get hold of that villain and pulverize him!

I gathered from the remainder of the talk that there was a pack-train about to start from a point about one hundred

miles north of my camp and which was sure to go nearly due west to Elgin, Oregon, where the owners would ship a great quantity of gold dust to San Francisco. I also heard and understood, as plain as day, that they would hide themselves in the short range of mountains that lies between Salmon and Snake rivers, about twenty-five miles south of the forks of the two rivers, where the pack-train was sure to cross the range of mountains described. I learned further that this pack-train would reach the Salmon river about the middle of November. I overheard them arrange with "Frenchie" to act the spy, and I heard them say something about capturing a rich lady, and they made a jest of "Frenchie's" having an opportunity of gaining a wife by the capture.

They then broke up their council, and I knew they were arranging to "receive" me on my return to camp. So I made careful note of everything pertaining to the other "job," left the 'phone, mounted my horse, and rode a good way up into the hills, circled my camp and came in from the northwest and boldly approached camp with as much sang-froid as I could command.

As I drew near the cabin I was at a loss to know what to do, for I could not see anyone about the place. My wits came quick, and I acted on each thought the minute it came. I was sure I should find "Frenchie" in the cabin, bound, and I at once realized they thought to wait until I was in the cabin and then get my horse and prevent my escape. When but a few hundred yards from the cabin I leaned forward, as if reaching for something on the head-piece of the bridle, and then jabbed the spur into the flank of my horse, which caused him to lunge forward, when I allowed my hat to be dislodged and fall to the ground. I thus had a most natural excuse to turn around, and by pretending to console my horse I was afforded opportunity to peer about under my brow and try to locate the enemy, which I did, for one was hiding behind the cabin and the others were behind the stable. I caught sight of their heads as they watched me get my hat when they had no thought of my being on my guard.

As soon as I had the fellows located and had divined their purpose I rode boldly on to the cabin and called "Frenchie";



then, after waiting a moment, I said aloud as if to myself, "I will wager fifteen cents those infernal burros have given 'Frenchie' another chase, so I had better see if I can help him." Whereupon I cast off a pair of sage-hens I had killed and whirled my horse and struck off in a brisk canter up a nearby ridge of hills. I heard the excited voice of the robber who was behind the house shouting in a hoarse stage whisper for "Frenchie" to call me, and I heard "Frenchie's" faint call, as if he were half-smothered by a gag, for he would never forget his cue. Even though death stared him in the face that villain could act his part.

I had nearly gained the summit of the ridge, when I heard a sharp command, "Halt, there!" And as I turned I saw a puff of smoke and at the same instant a bullet whistled by my ears. I quickly returned the shot and followed it up with four or five in rapid succession with my Colts repeating rifle. Each shot was planted in the spot where a head had been a moment before. One fellow, as if to test my marksmanship, pushed his hat around the corner of the barn. I knew it was not his head, but I sent a ball through it just the same.

While they were under cover I galloped over the brow of the hill far enough so that my horse was hidden and the lower part of my body also. And there I halted. I was not afraid of their killing me until they got hold of my money, or became convinced of their defeat. I halloed to them and asked what they wanted. Their answer was a white rag fastened to a stick which they hoisted. I called to them to send one man forward, and when he had come a short way I signaled to him that he must come unarmed. But when he was within one hundred and fifty yards of me I ordered him to stop. He then shouted to me his bluff of putting my companion to death if I did not pay ransom. Of course I refused. Then they said "Frenchie" wanted to see me before he was shot. So I allowed them to bring him forth. And when they had left I went to him, but could hardly restrain myself from blowing the traitor's head off. After I had fully admired his superb acting and his pleading for his life I put him to the test by offering to spring from my horse and cut him loose,

and told him I knew he could make his escape if he wished, but I had lost confidence in his honesty. I told him I knew he had followed me to try to learn where my money was hidden. I also told him he was a miserable sneak, and I believed now that he had intended to kill me when I knocked him down and he had pretended to be a sleep-walker. But he still acted his part, and even asked me why I did not shoot him for a traitor if I believed him to be one. His acting was so perfect I could hardly resist believing him, even when I knew him to be false as Satan. I tried to scare him by pretending I would kill him on the spot if he did not tell me the truth. He still acted his part, even with my revolver pointed at his heart.

I finally ended the conference by telling him that I would fight to the last, and if I got a chance at him when he was not bound and disarmed he could expect the worst I could give him. He still held his nerve, for he coolly accused me of taking this method to avoid paying him the last week's wages, whereupon I wrapped a ten-dollar bill around a rifle cartridge and tossed it to him with the remark that he might consider that a declaration of war. I then signaled the robbers to come and get their man, and I at once rode to a good shelter of rocks and prepared for battle, which began in earnest as soon as "Frenchie" was back among them. I dismounted and, to test their real intentions, as well as their marksmanship, placed my hat on a stick of wood and elevated it above the rocks. This proved that they would not hesitate to take my life, and that they knew how to shoot as well, for three bullets pierced my hat in an instant. I jerked my hat down from the stick and clapped it on my head and popped my head up from another position, as it was necessary for me to see what their plans were. I had barely ducked my head behind the rock when two bullets whizzed just above, almost grazing my scalp.

The moment's view I had taken of the enemy proved I was in immediate danger, for two men were advancing on my shelter with rifles trained on me so as to smother my fire by shooting me the moment I showed myself, while two of the other villains were circling to the left of me so as to get in

position to sweep my breast-work from the side, and the fifth man was mounted and had taken a position well to my right, so as to prevent me from taking flight behind a long hill in that direction. The ground behind me was so open that should I try to escape in that direction I would be exposed to their rifles and would furnish an easy mark for them.

I was now in a desperate position, and realized I had made a fatal mistake in not making my escape while I had the opportunity. As I had no time to amend my mistake, but was forced to take my chances in the unequal battle, I drew my revolver and began a system of raising up and firing on them and quickly ducking under again. I was sure I winged one of them the first shot, but when I bobbed up again they were both lying flat on the ground, with rifles trained on my stone breast-work. I saw at once I could not hope to fire on them and get back into safety, so I again tried my hat and the block of wood to draw their fire and give them a shot while they were throwing another cartridge into the chamber of their rifles, but they discovered the trick and it did not work but once.

All this time the two villains were nearing a point where they would be able to reach me from the side, so I resolved to make a break and take chances rather than be taken there or shot to pieces. Accordingly, I mounted my horse and made a dash northwest along and under the brow of the long ridge toward where I knew the mounted robber was stationed. I felt I had an equal chance in that direction, for there was but one against me.

It was well I started at the moment I did, for I had only reached a clump of black pines when the two circling bandits opened fire on me, but the distance rendered their fire ineffective. I was only out of one danger when I was in another, for I discovered the mounted robber only a few hundred yards ahead. As I was preparing to give him battle I discovered I was under fire from the top of the ridge, where "Frenchie" stood working his Winchester on me from behind a big tree. I was not very much alarmed at this turn of affairs, for I knew that weasel-eyed villain could not hit a flock of barns, except by accident. And even if he had not been there I had



my hands full, for the mounted enemy was coming toward me at full gallop, firing his revolver at me as he came. I pulled up and, with a well-directed shot, pierced the brain of the robber's horse, and could not refrain from a hearty laugh when I saw the rider go sprawling on the ground and his rifle-stock break into fragments against a rock in the fall.

I now crossed the ridge and made south and was clear of them and in no further danger. I made a circle with the intention of getting into my cabin, where I had plenty to eat and could get a supply to last me for a few days, until I could find my way to some gold camp or back to Boise City. As I was thus forming my plans, and at the same time putting as much space between myself and my enemies as possible, I saw a pack-train coming toward me up the canon some two miles to the south. I hastened toward the pack-train, and as I approached it my joy may be imagined when I learned it was my old companion and guide, Teddy, and another mountain ranger.

After a hasty explanation Ted and his companion (who was presented to me by the name of "Happy Jack") were ready to give battle. So we left the jacks to browse along the gulch while we went forward to renew the fight. We reached the cabin, but saw no one near. We then went upon the ridge so as to get a view of the surrounding country, and discovered four horsemen and two footmen crossing a ridge of hills about a mile west of us. "Happy Jack" was anxious to give them chase, but I did not see anything to be gained by it. Ted and Jack both argued that we owed a duty to honest miners and packmen, as well as society, to put those bandits to death. But I would not hear to any such argument, for there was a greater chance for us to be the losers, for they out-numbered us two to our one. So the war came to an end.

"Happy Jack" went to bring up the pack-train, while Ted and I went over the late—I will not say battle-field, for it was more like a race-course, over which I ran (because I could not fly!). We found the dead horse, which had been left as he fell, and we appropriated the saddle, bridle and other accoutrements. On our way back we went to the spot where



the robbers were when I thought I had winged one of them and we found evidence that one of them had received a slight wound.

We returned to the cabin, where the packs had arrived, and, after the stores were cared for and the camp put in shape, I recounted my experience, not forgetting the perfidy of "Frenchie." Ted explained that the delay in his coming was caused by his not being able to come himself nor find any one to do so. He also explained that he had come prepared to take me back to Boise, provided I was tired of this wild life, but if not "Happy Jack" would stay with me if I wished him to do so.

Ted told me that Jack was true blue, and he then handed me a bunch of letters, many of which were signed by people I knew in Denver and all of which bore evidence of the high character and esteem in which "Happy Jack" was regarded by the writers. One of the letters said that money and other valuables could be intrusted to his keeping with absolute safety. This letter was signed by Mr. Johnson, of Denver, with whom I was well acquainted, and I further knew him to be interested in some gold properties, the gold from which had to be transported many miles over the mountains by pack-trains. Therefore, this letter was highly satisfactory as a recommendation, especially so as I knew Mr. Johnson's signature and the peculiar monogram on the stationery.

It was now settled that "Happy Jack" was to stay with me, as I had fully determined to spend the winter here, for even had I wished to return to Boise I would not have done so now, and abandon the people against whom I knew the bandits were intending robbery, if not murder. I was fully resolved to hunt out those people and warn them of their impending danger.

When I learned that Ted must return to Boise and fill out his term of employment as per contract I did not tell him of the plot against the pack-train I had overheard the robbers planning, as I deemed it best to not do so.

For the next three or four days the three of us worked hard chopping logs, with which we doubled the thickness of the cabin, and also the stable, and filled in between with dirt

and gravel. We hewed out heavy log doors and windows and set them in grooves so they might be pushed in or out of the openings, thus providing a stronghold against attack by enemies as well as cold. "Frenchie" and I had cut grass in the valley and stacked it up against the stable for hay. So we were now in fine shape for the winter, as Ted would take all the pack-jacks with him to Boise, where they would be roughed through the long winter, and we would keep only the saddle horses with us.

As soon as Ted was gone I disclosed the plot of the bandits to "Happy Jack," and we at once began exploring the country to the northwest of us in order that we might find the probable trail over which the threatened pack-train would be likely to pass. We used our horses as pack animals while we went on foot, and at night we camped in the open, as we could not take the tent, which could be easily dispensed with, while provisions for ourselves and grain for our horses we must have.

We established a camp at a point about eighty miles northwest of the home cabin we had left, and "Happy Jack" returned with both horses and brought sufficient supplies to last us for two months or more. During this interval I made explorations in every direction, but had not discovered anything of importance. So, when Jack returned we set about in earnest to cover the ground as fast as possible, each going separate ways. We agreed that we would meet at camp at the end of the fourth day, and, in case one of us did not appear, the other should make search for him by following in the direction we had taken, and in the radius we had agreed not to go beyond, except unavoidably.

We had kept this up for nearly two weeks without result, and it was now nearing the middle of October and I grew anxious, for we had not met a single man, nor had we seen anything that amounted to a trail. So, on the next day I chose that my route for the succeeding three days should be to the southwest of our camp, and I bounded my limit only by the Snake river, for I was resolved to take a peak in the range of mountains between the Salmon and Snake rivers. So when I left Jack, who went northwest, I made haste for Sal-

mon river and pushed on without stop, except for a short rest, and reached the river by nightfall, and by 10 o'clock the next day I was in the foothills of the mountain range. I now climbed up on a high place in the foothills and could see the end of the mountain chains, so I knew I was not far from the place the robbers had described, and where they said the pack-train would cross the range of mountains.

I was sure the robbers were hidden not far from here, so I secreted my horse in a thicket that surrounded a park which was covered with grass. I gave the horse plenty of rope so that he could feed upon the grass and drink from a pool of clear water which was formed by a spring upon the side of a cliff. I stored my saddle and blankets in a sort of cave, which was hidden by button willows, took my rifle and pair of revolvers and continued my scouting on foot.

I proceeded with caution, for I was sure I was at the proper place, and was aware that a false step would be fatal to my success, and, perhaps, cost me my life. Night came on, and, as yet, I had discovered nothing. But I hoped to locate the robbers' rendezvous after dark by the light of their camp-fires, so I concluded not to return to my horse that night.

I placed myself at as prominent a point as I could and watched for their fires until 10 o'clock, when I gave up for that night and crawled between two large rocks that offered me protection from the cool night air. The warm sun had tempered the rocks for my comfort and I soon fell into a light sleep, from which I was suddenly aroused by something—I didn't know what—and on peering out I saw a dark form crossing the hillside about fifty yards from me. I was in such a cramped position between the rocks I could not move, or use my rifle, without making a noise. So I lay still and watched. I soon discovered it was a man, and when he turned his side to me, just as he was about to pass from sight at a short turn of the hill, I recognized him to be none other than "Frenchie."

I extricated myself as quickly as possible and ran to the point of the hill as lightly as I could, but "Frenchie" had vanished as completely as if he had been a shadow. I did not try to follow that imp of darkness, for I knew it was useless, even had I known which direction he had gone.



I kept watch and fully expected "Frenchie" to return, for I believed he was carrying intelligence to the robbers as to the location of the pack-train, and I resolved to capture him, or kill him in the attempt, on his return. And I censured myself for not remaining on watch longer, for had I done so I could have easily taken him. I was sorry I did not tell "Frenchie" I had overheard their plot at my cabin, as that would have changed their plans; but it was now too late.

While I was thus meditating two or three hours slipped by, when I heard the rapid discharge of fire-arms, and I was sure the sound came from the west. I at once started for the firing, for it seemed to me it could be nothing but a midnight attack on those whom I felt were my friends. Although I had never seen them, my constant watching for them in order that I might serve them and warn them of their danger had taken possession of my very soul and had endeared them to me to such an extent that their safety was my paramount thought and desire.

I had gone only about one-fourth of a mile when the firing ceased and I could no longer be guided by it. But on I tramped until I came to a steep incline that was the abrupt ending of the ridge along which I had traveled. At the foot of this hill I discovered a smouldering camp-fire. I picked my way down the incline and, as I drew near the camp-fire, found evidence of a stubbornly contested battle. There were many empty cartridges strewn on the ground in a circle, which showed the attacked party had met the attacking in perfect order.

I now circled the camp for some distance, but found no evidence that the battle had been attended by fatalities on either side, which seemed very strange when I considered the number of shots fired.

As there was nothing further for me to do I began to retrace my steps, and as I gained the summit of the ridge leading back toward my horse I was very much fatigued and sat down to rest, and for the second time that night I fell asleep. I could not have slept more than an hour when I was awakened by the whinny of a horse and I sprang to my



feet. The whinny was repeated, and by the sound I knew the horse was on the highland beyond me and the scene of the midnight battle.

I at once set out to learn the whyfore of the lone horse, for I was sure the horse was alone; otherwise he would not have called. So I again ascended the steep hill, but this time I evaded the camp by passing further down the gulch. About half way down the hill I came upon a Winchester rifle lying at the foot of a very steep place on the hill-side. I lighted several matches, and by their light discovered marks on the hill-side which proved that the gun had been dropped at some place further up the hill, but had slid down to where I found it.

I climbed up and examined the soft dirt on a kind of shelving bench above the steep portion of the hill and there found a man's tracks, and just above the place where the gun was located the man had evidently fallen down, and in his fall had dropped his rifle, which had slid down the hill to where I found it. I did not need two rifles, yet I took this one with me thinking it might furnish a clue to future discovery.

I now crossed the gulch and climbed its opposite bank and struck out in the direction I believed the horse was located. The gray dawn of morning was appearing in the eastern horizon, and by its assistance I scanned the hills and gulches as thoroughly as the twilight would permit.

As I reached the summit of a high ridge of hills and was about to descend into a bunch of trees and undergrowth of cedar bush I was startled by the neigh of a horse not over one hundred feet away, and as I proceeded to cautiously approach the place where the horse was hidden I was still more startled by the muzzle of a rifle leveled at my head, accompanied by a feminine voice commanding me to "Stop, or I fire!" It at once dawned upon me that this was the lady spoken of by the bandits, and, therefore, she was a member of the party attacked at the camp in the gulch a few hours before.

So I laid my rifles down, retreated a few steps, and sat down upon a stone and leaned back against a bank of dirt. Then I began to speak to her and said:

"My good woman I am not a bandit; I came here not to harm you, but to protect you. And I believe I can help you more than you know, if you will trust me."

"Then, if you are not a robber, who are you?" she asked. "And how am I to know you are not a bandit?"

I then told her of how I had overheard the bandits plotting to take the pack-train and fully explained how "Happy Jack" and I had sought to find the pack-train and give them timely warning. When I spoke of "Happy Jack" she asked me to describe my "Mr. Happy Jack," and after I had done as she requested she asked if I could tell the name of anyone that "Happy Jack" had associated with in the pack business, and when I named Mr. Johnson, of Denver, and told her my name, she said:

"Well, Mr. Riley, though I know you not, a Woman must learn that Man is either her best friend or her worst enemy; for so I have been taught by my dear old father, who is—as he says—only a man. But ah! such a man.

At this she ceased speaking as if words to express further description had failed to present themselves. I waited in silence for a few minutes before she continued:

"Mr. Riley, were it not for a discovery I made last night I would not have any fear of those bandits returning, for I could satisfy them with gold should they return. But since I made the discovery I did I know I must have protection from some source."

I began to reassure her of my honorable intentions, when she interrupted me by asking me to listen to what she was about to say. So I heard her in silence as she made the following proposition:

"Mr. Riley, for that is the name you claim to own, if you will swear to me by the memory of your mother—for if you are a bandit her name is more sacred to you than the name of God—that you will protect me from the villain whom I recognized last night as one of the band of robbers and murderers, in exchange for that protection I will lead you to the treasure that was being transported for shipment by our pack-train. If you do not so swear, then I will protect myself to the last and will die by my own hand rather than

fall into the hands of the man whom I believe to be the leader of that band of outlaws who I fear have murdered our kind neighbors in that valley of death. Mr. Riley, this treasure of which I speak is a tempting prize for such men as you may be—but I pray God you are not—and I will now add I hope you are not, for I can see your face and I see no marks of crime stamped thereon. Mr. Riley, Mr. Riley, will you swear?”

She then seemed to await my answer. So I hastened to say:

“My dear young lady, put away your fears, for you may have need of all your courage, as well as strength, to help you out of this danger, which I now see is double. For no doubt you have good reasons to suspect treachery at the hands of the villain you describe as a man you would escape even through death by your own hand. I ask not a ransom at your hands, all I wish is your confidence and full and perfect obedience on your part, at least until we are in safety; then you may command and I will obey. I will not ask of your treasure, and I now advise you to leave it where it is, and when we are out of danger your friends can recover it. Come my dear M— m—”

“Miss Gladys Yead,” she supplied, “who will trust you, Mr. Riley, not because I must, but because I know you are true, and that God has sent you in answer to my prayers.”

When she ceased speaking she glided from behind the cedar that had hidden her from my view and sank on her knees with her hands clasped and raised to Heaven in a silent prayer. I bowed my head in reverence until she had concluded and again spoke to me saying, “Mr. Riley, I am now ready to obey you, and I am sure God is our strength.”

As I lifted my eyes I beheld a well-matured young woman, but with such a youthful appearance one would not place her age above eighteen at the most. Her hair was a light brown, as were her eyes. She was of medium height, and even though she was encased in a heavy cloak its ample folds could not completely hide the exquisite and graceful form she possessed. Her complexion was wondrous fair, and owing to



the pallor of her face caused from fatigue and suffering she looked like marble.

I arose from my seat of stone and raised my hat, and, to put her (and myself as well) at ease, said, "Good morning, Miss Gladys, may I now bring your horse, for it is time we had some breakfast."

"I am ready to do as you direct," she said. "But first, Mr. Riley, I will ask you to stay here until I return, which I will do in a few minutes." I bowed assent and when she disappeared around the bush (where, I afterward learned, she went to secrete the treasure) I climbed up the side of the hill carrying both my own and the rifle I had found.

When I had reached a point a little way up the hillside I stopped and began examining the rifle I had found, and was pleased to learn its caliber was the same as my own. So my cartridges could be fired from it as well as from my own rifle.

I now opened its chamber to test its working order and to my surprise the shell it cast from the chamber was a blank, and in place of the leaden bullet there was nothing but a cone of paper. By the time I had finished the examination of this one cartridge Miss Gladys came toward where I stood leading her horse, which showed marks of fine breeding.

When Miss Gladys came up I told her I had discovered there had been a traitor in the camp of her friends, which explained why they had been so easily overpowered. I asked her if there was a John Davis among the escort of her pack-train. She said "Yes, there was," and hastily added, "But I know he is no traitor." I then pointed to the name of John Davis cut on the butt of the gun. She looked at me in bewilderment and asked me where I got that rifle and why I carried two. I now explained the finding of the gun, and at once pumped every shell from the magazine. All proved to be blank cartridges, and as there were five left in the magazine this proved that Mr. Davis had fired at least ten shots. So, if all the other men had done as well, and there had been leaden bullets instead of paper in the cartridges, an hundred men would have been put to death or flight under such a fire.

I now asked if she had seen any strangers about during



their trip. She answered, "No, only a little Frenchman, whom they had overtaken and who had traveled with them, and who was in camp when the attack was made, although she did not remember seeing him at that time as she was too excited to notice anything but what she was doing, for she was in such haste to saddle her horse and get away with the treasure (which did not belong to her father, but to a society of people who were followers of her father). She then described how she had led Madge (her saddle mare) up a canon with the sacks of gold and some food stowed away in canvas bags.

Here I interrupted her to make inquiry about the food, as I was weak from hunger. She said she had plenty for awhile, and was sorry she had not thought about my being hungry before, and she suggested that we go back in the woods where she had found a spring, to which I readily gave assent. As I was uneasy for fear the bandits would be looking for the treasure, if not for the young lady, who, it seems, was known to at least one of them.

I hung Mr. Davis' gun on the saddle and told Miss Gladys to go and arrange for our breakfast while I made a detour of discovery. So when she disappeared among the trees I cautiously crawled to the high ground and scanned the country, but seeing no signs of danger, returned and joined Miss Gladys at the spring. As we partook of a cold breakfast she told me that her father had started with the party, but was recalled to attend the funeral of a neighbor and that he had expected to overtake the "pack" within a few hours. She expressed fears for his safety, as he was now over-due.

I explained to her that her father was not in any danger, as it was clear to my mind that the bandits wished to avoid murder if possible, which would arouse the state and the military would be sent to hunt the murderers, while simple robbery would not attract so much attention, and for the further reason that but few men sink so low as to take the life of their fellow man unnecessarily. In support of my reasoning I referred to the blank cartridges in Mr. Davis' rifle.

I here described "Frenchie" so minutely she exclaimed:

"Mr. Riley, you have seen and know him, otherwise you could not describe him so perfectly."

To which I made answer: "Miss Yead, it matters not whether I have or have not seen him, I know him to be the smoothest villian in these hills, and I know he is the man who has in some way removed all the cartridges from the fire-arms of your friends and substituted the harmless blanks, and this accounts for the fact that not a man of your party was killed. The robbers well knew the fusillade of shots your friends fired upon them was harmless, so they advanced upon the defenses without returning a shot. Your friends, seeing the advancing bandits were impervious to leaden bullets, concluded they were devils instead of men, so became frightened and fled in a panic."

By this time we had finished our meal, so I told Miss Gladys I must find a way to get my horse and then keep a lookout for the approach of her father, as well as "Happy Jack." Accordingly, I told her she had best stay hidden until I returned, but I thought it best to get further away from the late camp of her friends, for I was sure the bandits would return for the booty at least, and when they did not find it with the other goods they would suspect she had taken charge of it and would make systematic search until they found her.

"But, Mr. Riley, you will please not ask me to stay here alone, for there are no dangers I would not risk rather than stay here. Besides, I can be of service, as I can point out to you the route my father will come, and, possibly, can do something to prevent his falling into the hands of the bandits." So, after I had made another circle and concluded there was no danger of discovery, we set out to go to my horse, which we reached in perfect safety. After I had saddled my horse and fed both horses grain, which I had in a bag, we climbed up a hill where we could get our bearings and locate the trail as nearly as possible. As we reached the summit Miss Gladys pointed out the trail, which was less than a mile from where we stood. I took a full sweep of the country, and as I now had my field glass I was enabled to see well into the forest further up the mountain side, as well as the woodland through which we must pass in order to meet Mr. Yead.

I was now about to discontinue further search, but took one more look into the hills above the fatal camp of the night before, when I saw five horsemen emerging from the forest and making systematic search of the ground we had so recently quitted.

I now let my glass range slowly along the hills, as I was anxious to locate the direction from whence we were threatened with discovery, as well as to pick a way we might, with the least danger, make our escape, for to stay where we were would only insure our capture. There was no possible chance of defense, for the small hills and gullies, which were skirted with trees and underbrush, afforded protection to the bandits, and they could approach within a few yards of us without our seeing them.

I now made a discovery which made immediate flight imperative. Upon a high point in the hills, not over a half-mile from us, stood "Frenchie" signaling to the bandits. I knew by his actions that he had discovered us and was now engaged in setting the bandits upon us. I would have been glad to have mounted my horse and run him down had there been any chance of success, but that was out of the question.

I hastily informed my companion in distress of our danger, and, after telling her we must fly, we hurried to our horses and were soon "scudding" up the valley toward the place where we could cross the Salmon river and gain the trail that led us to safety on the other side.

As we gained the level country toward the crossing I looked for the enemy, and saw they had given chase and were making for the river crossing, thinking to cut us off by reaching it before us.

I now told Miss Gladys that our success all depended on the mettle of our horses, and asked her if she thought her horse could develop greater speed and maintain it for five or six more miles.

Her voice showed not the least tremor of excitement or fear as she answered: "Mr. Riley, fear not for Madge, for if your horse can show speed and endurance equal to her, then his superior is not in Idaho."

When she had finished speaking she leaned forward, and



with no further urging the noble little animal went skimming over the ground like a bird on the wing.

I could see by measuring the distance with my eyes that if we could keep up this pace we could be across the river and well into the wood on the homeward side by the time the bandits reached the ford.

Miss Gladys now checked her flying horse and, when I came up with her said: "Mr. Riley, will you set the pace?" On we flew for nearly two miles, when we reached the ford, nearly a mile ahead of the enemy, but even at that distance they fired upon us but their bullets fell short.

We plunged into the river and our horses gulped a few swallows of water, then, being urged, we passed on into the woods beyond, following the trail which Miss Gladys said led back to the settlement from whence they had started.

I now sought to evade further pursuit by bearing to the left, and west of the trail. We continued in this manner for about a mile; then we struck into the trail again, and as I looked back I saw two men near that part of the trail we had avoided.

From their actions I knew them to be members of the outlaw band lying in wait to pounce upon us as we hurried past them. Happily, we had passed them by making the circuit we had made.

We hastily made for a turn in the trail two or three hundred yards ahead, thinking to escape their notice while they were still watching for us from the opposite direction; in this we were disappointed, for they had discovered us already and we were again forced to flee, and as their horses were fresh I realized I must do something to even up this handicap. I glanced ahead of us and could see that the trail led up an incline where we would be exposed to their rifles, which would result in our horses being shot from under us. So at the turn of the hill, as Miss Gladys was ahead of me on the trail, I stopped my horse and sprang from the saddle and took careful aim at the foremost horse. I soon had one less horse at our heels. I then took two more shots in quick succession, at, first, the other bandit, then the horse, but failed to land on either. I then discovered the young lady had stopped in her



flight and was returning and I mounted my horse to continue my flight.

Just as I swung my leg over the saddle I felt a sharp pain shoot through my thigh; and as I gained my saddle another pierced my left shoulder. I at once realized that I was wounded, but I was in the saddle again, and, though my left arm was benumbed, I forced it to work until I had shot the other horse, which was within two hundred yards of me. I now rained bullets thick and fast upon the two unhorsed bandits, which forced them to cover behind nearby rocks, from whence they returned the fire. By this time I had experienced two more sharp pains, one in my side and one at my left hip.

I now whirled my horse up the incline at full speed. Miss Gladys, seeing me again on the retreat, made haste to keep out of my way until we reached the summit. She then stopped until I came up, and anxiously inquired if I was hurt. I answered by saying I had received only a scratch, and bade her hasten forward with all speed, for I had seen the other bandits round a point not over a mile in our rear; by this I knew they were still following. We rode on for some two or three miles, when I felt I must give up the chase, as I was weakened by the wounds I had received, and now knew my right thigh was broken. The last I remember was Miss Gladys speaking to me, but, though I tried, I could not understand her.

And I thought I had sent her on to escape danger while I stopped to get a drink at a beautiful spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then—again I thought I heard the voice of “Happy Jack” talking to me.

Again—I seemed to be listening to the “’phone” while the bandits were plotting.

Again—I thought an angel was bathing my hands and face with cool water; and that she gave me a drink from a golden cup.

Then I felt myself lifted, and knew I was on a stretcher made of tent-cloth and being carried for miles and miles, I knew not how many, and, finally, I was allowed to rest in peace—and sleep my fill.

When at last I awoke and found that drowsy feeling gone I found myself in such a weakened condition that I could move only my right hand and head. My right leg was in splints and the wounded shoulder and hip were in bandages.

As I turned my head upon the pillow to get a view of the room I was in the first object that attracted my attention was a man sitting in an easy-chair in an adjoining room, with large folding doors thrown open, reading a book. He sat with his side to me so that I could see the side of his face. His white, silken hair and white beard revealed to my eyes the friend of the "J. Y." pack-train, whom I had followed from Boise City to where he had escaped my vigilance during the fog.

I was not surprised in the least, for I had guessed that "J. Y." stood for J. Yead, and that when I should see the father of Miss Gladys Yead I would again see the man with the gray whiskers who had excited my curiosity by selling gold dust in Denver.

I raised my hand to my head and face and found my beard had been trimmed to a Vandike and my hair cut quite short.

The moving of my hand had attracted the attention of Mr. Yead and he came to me, and, seeing I was fully awake, said: "Good morning, Mr. Riley, I am glad to see you looking so well, and I trust you will not attempt to move about even if you are able to do so, for your recovery depends upon your remaining quiet for a few days at least."

"I shall do as you direct," I said, "but first I must know where Miss—I mean the young lady—is, and if she is well—and if she escaped harm."

Mr. Yead now took my hand and said: "Gladys is perfectly well, and, owing to the courage and self-sacrificing service of the gentleman to whom I owe the gratitude of a father, she has been returned to her father's arms; and she would be as happy now as at any time in her life were it not for the accident that befell her deliverer, whom I will thank again when he is fully recovered. But he will now do me a favor by resting and refraining from talk, as I see he is yet very weak."

I now turned my head that I might hide the tears of joy I felt springing to my eyes, and as I did so I saw Miss Gladys tip-toeing into the room with a bunch of cut flowers, which she placed in a vase. She turned her face toward my bed and then her eyes sought her father. My eye-lids were now so heavy I could not resist their weight, and they closed over my sight in spite of my efforts to the contrary.

I then heard Miss Gladys say: "What is the matter, dear papa? Is Mr. Riley worse?" And she at once came lightly to my bedside and I felt her hand on my forehead.

"No, Gladys, he is now awake, but very weak, and if we do not talk too much, but keep him quiet, he will recover," answered Mr. Yead.

I must have fallen asleep, for I remembered no more.

When I again awoke and opened my eyes I saw a stranger sitting near my bedside, who, upon discerning that I was awake and looking at him, asked if he "could serve me in any way," and, as I was feeling refreshed and hungry as well, I told him that I would be pleased to get back to the habit of eating, which I was sorry for ever discarding, whereupon my stranger friend went out of the room and Mr. Yead soon appeared with a bowl of soup, and as he sat by the bed and arranged a white napkin preparatory to feeding me a small quantity of the soup, which I thought was rather a light diet, he greeted me with a pleasant smile, and said:

"I am glad to find you so much improved since yesterday morning, Mr. Riley, and am gratified to see you exhibit the good symptom of hunger."

I thanked him and said I am feeling fine, Mr. Yead; but you mean this morning, do you not?

He hastily said: "Why—yes I meant this morning to be sure, but I am so anxious for your welfare I had forgotten. But you must not talk more now, my friend, for I should fear I was wronging the man to whom I owe so great a debt of—"

I here stopped him and said: "Mr. Yead, please say no more, for I have heard of men being killed by kindness as well as bullets. Then, again, you have no doubt noticed that some men's tempers have been soured by imbibing too freely of the

glory heaped upon them by their well-meaning friends; for when glory in undue quantities is thrust upon persons who have not really merited the honor it is liable to so turn their heads with vainglory that when they must descend from that high pinnacle they are likely to fall and cripple themselves for life. So my friend, be careful."

When I had finished with this long speech Mr. Yead was shaking with suppressed laughter and laughingly said:

"Well, Mr. Riley, I accept your truce, especially since I see you are regaining strength so rapidly." And when he noticed me wistfully viewing the empty bowl he added: "I dare not allow you to take more food now, for it is not best."

At this point I heard the voice of Miss Gladys softly asking if she might come in, and I answered it myself by saying: "Come in, Miss Gladys; I am sure your father will allow me the pleasure of saying 'Good evening' to you, although he refuses me more food."

As she came to the door Mr. Yead motioned her to a chair and said: "I am glad to see you looking so well this morning, for I am compelled to go to the Church meeting, and will not return before evening, and as it is now after 7 o'clock I must be off."

Just before he left the room he cautioned his daughter, as well as myself, against too much food being allowed me for at least four or five days yet.

As soon as he was out of the room I asked Miss Gladys to tell me how long it had been since she placed the flowers in the vase. She said they had been there since yesterday morning, and she would have them removed. I understood at once that she thought I was tired of them, so hastened to tell her not to do so, as they were quite fresh. And I added I had another motive for asking the question, which had no reference to the condition of the flowers. I then asked her if within the last hour she had not placed her hand on my forehead, and thus caused me to fall asleep. She arose without answering my question, and came over to my bedside and begged me to try to rest, and said she must not allow me to talk. I told her I was not in need of rest, but was in need of information, for if I had not seen her place the flowers in the



vase and had not felt her hand laid on my forehead not over an hour before, I was sure I was suffering from a more serious ailment than a few gunshot wounds.

When I had finished, she began to laugh or cry, I could not fully determine which, for it sounded like laugh but looked like cry; and she was saying the while: "I am so glad! I am so glad!" as she brushed the tears from her cheek.

"Why, Miss Gladys," I said, "are you really glad I have lost my mind?"

"No, Mr. Riley," she replied, "I am so glad that you have finally found your mind and that you are so much improved and do not sink into unconscious sleep, as you have been doing for so long. I now see," she continued, "that you remember my placing my hand on your head yesterday morning, when I was sure you were worse, for I saw my father standing by your bedside, and, though he tried to hide his emotion, yet I was sure he was weeping."

"Well, Miss Gladys," I said, "tell me if a light touch of a lady's hand can send one to sleep for twenty-four hours, as it seems to have done for me—in this case at least. Then how long have I been asleep since the rough usage I received at the hands of those bandits? And how came I here? And how did you escape? I must also find out about my friend 'Happy Jack' and my faithful horse and—"

"Mr. Riley! you must stop or you will surely go into another sleeping spell! Please, now, don't talk, but listen."

I did as she bade me and her voice had a soothing effect on me, as well as what she said.

"'Happy Jack' and your horse are safe and in good health. 'Snoozer,' as I call your horse (for I heard you so call him), is in the stable with his nose in the hay and oats trough by turns. "Happy Jack" is staying a mile down the valley, but comes every day to see you. We had to send him away or we would have had another invalid in the house, for the noble fellow would not leave your bedside night nor day. So we finally got him down where he is, but only after he was almost sick. Now for your first question: You received your wounds four weeks ago. Our rescue happened in this way: While you went south and was nearby when the attack

on our camp was made, "Happy Jack" pushed farther north than he had before, and it so happened he met my father (who had been delayed much longer than he expected) at the point where he came upon the trail. "Happy Jack" and my father are old acquaintances, and had been across the trail together in Nevada and Utah. So they were not long in coming to an understanding, and seeing the danger to which we were exposed they pushed on together as fast as they could to where they met the frightened men, who had fled. The latter could not understand why, when they stood solidly together and fired on the advancing bandits, volley after volley, all directed on the leader, their combined bullets (as they supposed) did not stop the mad rush of the on-coming robbers, and they did as you described (when you found the blank cartridges in Mr. Davis' gun), fled in panic, believing they had been attacked by uncanny beings. My father turned them back to duty, which was not hard to do when they learned that I was left to the tender mercy of the renegades. They were all hastening on when they came upon us where you had fainted away and had fallen from your horse, and I was making frantic efforts to restore consciousness and revive you by bathing your face in water and giving you drink. The men made a litter by tacking canvas to long poles, and in this you were conveyed here, where we have done all we could to bring you back to life, which I am now sure we will accomplish, provided I quit talking to you and do not allow you to talk, which I positively forbid. So now you just keep real quiet and rest."

When she had finished I again went to sleep. When I next awoke it was late in the afternoon, and I felt so well that I wondered if I could not arise, but a slight effort settled that question for some time.

In another week I could sit up, and in three weeks I could move about with the assistance of the men. From then on I gained strength very fast. But the shattered leg or thigh-bone was near two years regaining full strength, owing to the many complications that arose from time to time. In the meantime I moved about as much as possible for exercise. I read many good books and enjoyed beautiful songs. Miss Gladys sang and played most beautifully. Mr. Yead made

me welcome to his library, which contained many rare books, a choice collection of kodak pictures, and a goodly number of manuscripts of sermons and other writings which I read with great pleasure and profit. I learned from the writings of Mr. Yead that he was not only a student of theology and philosophy, but a thorough scholar and master of many of the sciences.

So time flew on.

## CHAPTER III.

During the time I was recovering from my wounds Mr. Yead never by act or word intimated that he recognized me as the man who followed him from Denver, although many months later he told me how he had discovered the fact that I was dogging his footsteps and how he had watched my spying tactics from the time I followed him from the jewelry store in Denver to the place where he had given me the slip by taking advantage of the fog in the foot-hills. He explained to me how he wished to test my persistence, which was his only reason for leaving me in the foot-hills with no trail to follow aside from the pleasure of playing a practical joke on me. He also told me he had concluded, after some few weeks, that I was a weakling and had given up the chase at the first reverse and that he had wondered many times what had become of me. He said that when he discovered that I was surely on his trail he at once became so interested in my game that he made careful inquiry as to who I was and what I was. He learned at the hotel I had quitted where I was from and with whom I was associated; then, by use of the wire, he got in communication with people in my old home in Kansas. He said that as soon as he was satisfied as to my good character he at once entered into the game for the fun he derived from it, and intentionally mystified the billing of his goods, for my benefit, as much as possible, and still insure their not going estray. He said for several weeks he hoped I was possessed of the character that forced success from failure, but that he had finally given me over as a tenderfoot without nerve. He told me how he had recognized me on sight when he and "Happy Jack" came up to where I had tumbled from my horse, after receiving the wounds, and found Gladys bathing my face with water from the moun-



tain brook in a fruitless endeavor to restore me to consciousness. I was thus reminded that honest and open methods are far more likely to bring quick and full returns, especially when there is no antagonism inspired by a sinister motive.

During the long time I was confined to the house Mr. Yead spent many hours with me, reading rare books and discussing scientific problems and literature, which I enjoyed beyond measure. In this way I learned that he was a graduate in medicine and surgery, but practiced his skill only as a tribute of love for his fellow men, and that it was to his ministrations as physician and surgeon I owed my recovery and the perfect use of my right limb.

One Monday morning Mr. Yead came into the reading-room, where I was, and requested me to look up some authorities on a line of subjects which he wished to use in a lecture he was preparing, and as I was anxious to busy myself at something to pass away the time I set to work as soon as he had prepared the subjects for me, under proper headings.

During the time before dinner the first day of my brief-making Mr. Yead was writing at a table at the opposite side of the room, but as he folded his pages and enclosed them in envelopes I was sure he was writing letters and not lectures.

I continued my reading and note-making for several days and found that the more I read the more interesting the subject became, and as Mr. Yead said no more about using my brief in his lecture I became convinced that he was leading me into a line of reading that he was interested in. To put him to the test I asked if he was ready to use the brief I had prepared for him, whereupon he seated himself and asked me to read my notes. When I had finished he said I had brought out just the points he wanted, and if I wished to do so I could forego further work along that line, as what I had was all he required. He then asked me what I thought of the subjects of my research?

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Yead," I said, "if I did not know you were an Oracle of God I should accuse you of political aspirations, for it looks to me as if the data I have gathered would fit a political speech better than a lecture, and I will be pleased to hear your ideas of politics, and

especially party politics, and learn to what party you belong. And, Mr. Yead, I beg your pardon for my seeming inquisitiveness," I continued, "but I am anxious to be enlightened on some other matters concerning yourself and daughter."

"Mr. Riley," he interrupted, "ask all the questions you please, and I shall take pleasure in answering them for you if I can."

"Then," said I, "I wish to know why you choose to live out here, almost by yourself, among these simple though good people that I see here every day, who have, judging from their appearances, a strong settlement near here. My first impression was that you had come here for your health, but I have changed my mind for I see no indication, either in you or Miss Gladys, that would suggest disease—past or present. I have seen the many expressions of honor and love written by friends on the blank leaves of books on the date of their presentation; I have learned the place and date of your birth, as it is written in the family Bible, and I have read the many beautiful sermons I have found in that old scrap book on the shelf. These sermons were delivered by Rev. Joseph Yead, so the headlines say. In short, Mr. Yead, everything I come in contact with tells me of a happy and useful past enjoyed in former days in your home in Virginia. I would be sorry to allow my inquisitiveness to offend you, but I must ask at least one more question, if you will permit me?" As Mr. Yead nodded his assent I continued: "If you know the man who leads that band of robbers—and I am sure you do for the reason that Miss Gladys said she knew him, and she stood in such terror of him that I am sure she would have taken her own life rather than have fallen into his hands—why do you not advise the proper state officers that he may be brought to justice?"

When I had finished speaking, Mr. Yead answered by saying: "Mr. Riley, I will be pleased to answer all questions, either directly or implied, and give reasons in each case, but to do so I may tax your patience, for I believe reasons for every answer should be given. Should I say I am a Re-

publican, a Democrat or a Socialist and not be able to tell why, I had better hold my peace."

"I shall be pleased to hear you through to the end," I said.

"Then we will begin at the beginning and dispose of the minor questions first. The leader of the outlaw band, whose members gave you such rough usage, is the son of a good family in Virginia, but a black sheep. He is well educated and were it not for his reprehensible habits and disreputable business he could be a splendid citizen. We met him in San Francisco, where he lives a part of the time during the winter, and where, formerly, he assumed a position in respectable society, because of his family connections, to which he is not entitled, for his real character was unknown in the city until recently. The spring that Gladys finished her schooling he was a frequent visitor at my house, for I kept house in the city during her school days, but I trust that it is unnecessary for me to tell you that the man's habits and character were then unknown to me. During the previous winter he was a guest at many social gatherings of the young people and was quite a favorite among them, and the older ones as well, for he has native intelligence, is well educated and polished in his manner and can act the gentleman equal to the best. My daughter told me a number of times that she wished he would go away from town as she could not like him or feel at ease in his presence, as he seemed to be acting a part while his real self was hidden. I was completely fooled in the man, but Gladys held to her aversion for him and I noticed she avoided him. When I asked her about it and told her I thought it best not to show her dislike for the man in the presence of company. She said she had to do so as he had persisted in making love to her and she was sure he would propose marriage if she did not avoid him. I then told her that I thought she was doing the boy an injustice, but I soon learned I was mistaken, for at the first opportunity that presented itself he proved that a woman's instinct is true, and proposed marriage to my daughter. When she refused him he became so angry and his conduct was so distasteful I had to close my house



to him. He is a wilful, resentful, revengeful man, and will not take no for an answer. One evening he was a guest at a house and lawn party given by one of Gladys' school mates and renewed his attentions and proposal, and on being repulsed became angry and threatening. He said he would crush what he was pleased to call Gladys' high spirit if it cost him his life. He said that Gladys should marry him or he would see her the mistress of as vile a robber and murderer as ever walked the earth. He then left the grounds and was seen no more in the city while we were there. I afterwards learned that he was the leader of a band of highwaymen who were robbing stages and travelers as they passed upon lonely roads in the hills. This attack on my pack-train is his boldest move and his first attempt against me or mine, as well as his first appearance north of Utah and Nevada. This, Mr. Riley, explains why Gladys was in such deadly fear of the man, for she believed he would make good his threat against her if she fell into his hands. Rather than do so she would have taken her own life. We will dismiss the distasteful subject when I tell you that I have sent out scouts and notified the state authorities of the presence of the robbers, and I believe they will soon be driven from the country; in fact word has reached me that they have already been driven into the hills of New Mexico.

"The next question: 'To what party do I belong?' My answer is *none* at all. I have not voted since the Civil War. Ask me why, and I will answer, because there has been no permanent relief obtained for the common people by or through the various political parties that have come into power in the last two thousand years. We see one set of men turned out of office and another turned in, but the great masses, who have no political influence, receive none of the spoils of office, but are doomed to incessant labor to support not only the office-holders, but the ward heelers as well, for no man, save he be an imbecile, is ignorant of the fact that labor pays all the bills and that from the product of the producer all wealth is derived. We see that if the republicans win the election this year the elected officials draw their pay and their adherents receive appointments to places at the store house of labor



and should there not be places for all the political friends of the officers there are more created for them. We see these new offices parceled out in payment of political debts among the friends and political helpers of the successful candidates instead of using money. The politicians tax labor to pay themselves, and when we change parties we do not change anything in fact, for we only elect new men to fill the offices—elective and appointive—which is all the change there is.”

“I can see the correctness of your reasoning, as the same applies to local affairs; but do you not believe a National change of party would relieve the people?” I asked. “And if not, why not?”

“Mr. Riley, I am sure that a change of party nationally not only would not relieve the oppression of the producer, but, on the contrary, would place greater burdens on him,” continued Mr. Yead, “and I assign the following reasons for my belief, and we can say it is no longer belief, but knowledge. If we will but turn to past experience we can plainly see how the power of wealth operates to force the people to place its men in power. When Grover Cleveland was elected President there was still a majority in the house and senate who were of the Republican political faith, and there was very little change in the laws of the country. The manufacturing corporations knew Mr. Cleveland was a free-trader. It mattered not whether free trade is best or worst for the people, the wealthy manufacturers were against it, so they at once began a campaign to disturb *confidence*. They shut down factories, even before the tariff was touched at all; they made outcry before the people that the President was hoarding the people’s money in a bursting treasury; they reduced wages and cut down their laboring forces all along the line, all of which brought on hard times. So confidence became more shaken and the result was that Harrison was elected President. During the four years of his administration matters had not fairly settled, but the treasury was almost depleted and there was some talk of issuing bonds to relieve the situation. In the meantime the people were thinking, and they concluded that Cleveland did not have a fair show, for the House and Senate were against him, so they rushed in and elected him for

the second time. Again, the wealth holders began the same tactics of beating down confidence, and as the treasury was very low in cash the cry was raised that nothing but gold should be the basic money. Very lavish expenditures necessitated a bond issue in time of peace, the first on record and a cry was started to retire the green-backs. As Cleveland evinced a determination to maintain the parity of the two metals by paying gold for silver or green-backs on demand, the monied men made a run on the treasury with silver and green-backs until the lawful reserve was reduced below the one hundred million mark, and again the sale of bonds was forced. Thus the free-trade party was crushed and McKinley, the champion of the high tariff, was elected over the most popular candidate that ever came before the American people. The people had learned that they must elect the candidate of the party that was favored by the manufacturing and monied interests of the country or they, the people, would be refused bread in exchange for their labor. If the people can not be led into voting as the monied rulers wish they will be driven to do so. If a President, together with a majority in the House and Senate, who are for passing laws distasteful to the wealth owners are elected then the wealth owners will crush the power of congress by closing factories and raising the prices of their goods, thus starving the people into submission. So, my friend, all parties when elected to power are forced to proceed along the same lines as did the party before them. The officials simply draw their pay and close their eyes to the robberies of the 'system' that Thomas W. Lawson tells us of, while the poor, by strenuous efforts, make a scanty living and organized wealth, through fictitious values of stocks, pile up dividend-paying credits which may be called 'confidence,' for it has nothing more stable behind it than a bag of wind. Yet the people have 'confidence' in the thing because it is *labeled* wealth, and it draws profit as if it was of real value."

Here Mr. Yead asked me to turn to my brief and see how much money there was in the banks of the United States. Upon consulting the notes I had made I found that the statistics showed that there is deposited in banks of all kinds,

including building and loan and trust companies, about fourteen billion dollars.

"Now," said Mr. Yead, "see how much money there is in circulation in the United States."

I found, after deducting the green-backs retired and the estimated loss of money by fire and at sea, together with the loss in other ways, that there was much less than two billion dollars in real currency in existence in the United States and but about ten billion in all the world.

"Now," said Mr. Yead, "as fifteen per cent. of fourteen billion dollars is over two billion dollars you can very readily see that if fifteen per cent. of all deposits was withdrawn from the banks in one day, or in five years, and not redeposited again, every bank in the United States must be forced to the bankruptcy courts. And what is true of this country is also true of every other that uses a banking system.

"But, you ask, what has all this money business to do with politics or political parties and I answer nothing at all, but it proves that the wind-bag financiers control all parties by coining their own fiat money, or value, from the minds of the people (the people's confidence); and when they find an officer who is disposed to call a halt on that kind of thing these same wind-bag security sellers confront the would-be honest officer with pictures of failures in the so-called financial world, which will shake confidence in the wind-bag stocks and bonds, and then the people will ask for their money at the banks, and when they find that it is loaned on phantom securities they will hoard every dollar they have, and the panic is on and will spread to all enterprises, but will hurt the producer, the laborer, and the debtor classes most. So the would-be honest officer is forced to cease his activity or bring suffering upon the heads of the poor and loss upon all the industries of the people. There is no way of escape, for to tell the truth and force a halt means ruin and perhaps anarchy and bloodshed, and to continue the system means subjugation of the people to the wind-bag kingdom. And as the first condition seems to the honest man to be the worst he withholds his hand, and the wind-bag financiers hold their



power and laugh at the discomfiture and fright they have given the would-be honest officer.\*

"So, my friend, I can see but one chance of avoiding slavery, or perhaps worse, and that is—"

As Mr. Yead hesitated at this point I was sure I could see to what he was leading, so I supplied the word "Socialism!"

"No," not that, answered Mr. Yead, "but I must confess I at one time in life believed it was the true solution; and as I was anxious to lead my people to God first and then to the fountain of wisdom where all men could partake of the bounty of the God of Nature according to his needs, I preached the truth as I saw it and gained the name of being a political preacher. This lost me my influence, and after I had studied, worked and prayed over the question for months, I discovered the weakness in the Socialist plans, or, rather, lack of plans, and then by trying to amend the plans of Socialists, or, more correctly speaking, to make plans for them, I turned to the Word of God and there found the true way; and not only that, but I found the present conditions fully described in God's Word. Here, Mr. Riey, I was confronted with a greater difficulty, for when I found the light I had no hearers or followers, and this explains why I left my home in Virginia."

For a few moments Mr. Yead seemed to be mentally wandering back over the scenes of his boyhood home and to be listening to the Negroes singing while they worked in the cotton and the cane, but when he again resumed he continued in a more mellow strain.

"Mr. Riey," he said, "I have read and re-read the words of Christ where he said: 'How oft would I have gathered thee together as a hen gathereth her brood, but ye would not.' While reading his words I believe I felt in a measure as he felt, for I, too, have in the past sought to follow the Word of God and lead my flock in the right way, spiritually as well as temporally, but they would not be led. As long as I preached Christ and Him crucified, and taught God's love and his plan to save man from sin, spiritual sin, and said

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\*The late financial flurry proves that Mr. Yead was right.



nothing of God's plan to relieve an enslaved people, all was well, and my support was provided and my popularity in the ascendancy; but when I showed by God's word that he had provided a way for the success of his children, not only in the spiritual, but also in the business world, and began proving that if we would follow his plan all would be provided for according to his needs, and every man sit under his own vine and fig tree, then the emissaries of the beastly power of greed, who buy seats in every congregation, as well as in the Senate of the United States, at once set up a false cry of 'political preacher' and the words of Christ, 'Be ye brethren, and have all things in common,' and 'Take not interest from thy brother' were lost and the power of greed prevailed. I was denounced and overwhelmed with the shouts of the greed-mongers. I was told by a committee that I must preach Christ and him only, and let the business of this world alone, no matter how I read my Bible. I was told that my mission on earth was to teach the people that God wished them to fight the spiritual sin of the world and be content with their station in this life, and they would receive their reward in the world to come. I was reminded that my preaching was distasteful to the wealthy men who builded and endowed the church of which I was pastor. When I pointed to the Word in justification of my teaching, they answered not in words but in deeds, for I was not again called to the work, but was an outcast and rejected as Christ was rejected by his people. Although rejected I am still pushing on in the work God gave me to do, and now I have my reward, for I have found noble hearts and kindly hands to help me, so that little by little the glad tidings shall be carried to the world and God's plans shall prevail, for the ways of the Lord are past finding out, and as he worketh in secret so must we work. And at last, Mr. Riley, I have the consolation of seeing God's plan working here in this, our mountain home, where the League of David and Jonathan has been renewed by the people, and poverty has been banished from our midst, for it is written, 'The bundle of sticks can not be broken except they first be separated'."

As Mr. Yead ceased speaking I asked him to tell me

about the plan the people followed, whereby they received the fruits of their labor and did not have to divide with drones who coined the minds of men into dollars and by their use absorbed the product of the earth.

He answered: "I have no plan, Mr. Riley, other than is provided by God's Word, and that plan is now in use by the Society of Yead."

Here my friend seemed to forget my presence and continued speaking in a low voice as if to himself or to some unseen person, and this is what he said:

"Yes—I know and I am sorry, but the people would have no other name, and now I must strive to so live as to not bring reproach on these kindly people, for they sought to honor me; but, after all, one name is as good as another, for there is nothing in a name, but virtue comes from work in a righteous cause."

Mr. Yead then turned to me again and said: "Mr. Riley, I can not tell you at this time the plan we use, but I will recommend you for membership in the society and you can learn the perfect plan suggested by God's Word. This much I will say, the plan is as perfect as nature and as sure as the promises of God, and while his humble servant is the founder of the society yet the plan was given us by God's Word and has been in use for hundreds of years and is known to be a success. If you wish to be a brother among us you may, as can all honorable men and women, but we work in secret, that God may reward us openly."

"Why this secrecy, Mr. Yead?" I asked. "If your cause is righteous and the plan is God's, why not come out and tell the world, that all may enjoy the blessing—that the poor-house and poverty may be banished from our land, as you say they have been with the people of your Society?"

"Mr. Riley," he answered, "there is nothing that would give me more pleasure than to call to all the people and show them the way to fight the Beast that Was, Is Not, and Yet IS, but I tried that in my younger days, as I have told you, and failed, and I am sure it can not be accomplished that way. We can only work by degrees and in secret, as the Christian religion was preserved by the faithful meeting in

secret through the dark ages. The Word says, 'They sang as it were a new song, and none could learn that song but the hundred forty and four thousand.' And again it says, 'He that serves me in secret I will reward him openly.' God commanded that spies be sent out to locate the position of the enemies of the cause of freedom. The successes of the world depend on secrecy. The advances of armies are made as nearly secret as possible to insure success. It is written, 'God worketh in secret,' and 'The son of man cometh as a thief in the night'."

As Mr. Yead quoted God's Word he turned leaf after leaf and read each text, until I was overwhelmed by the evidence offered to prove God's way was a way of secrecy from those who would oppose his plan. Mr. Yead closed the book but continued by showing how the merchant kept his prices a secret and how bankers and all corporations laid their plans behind closed doors. He pointed to the wonderful growth of the Masons, Oddfellows and Woodmen, because they worked by selection and secrecy; he pointed to the fact that the members of secret orders in the United States numbered over twenty million; he pointed to the fact that God tells us we must use the same weapon with which to fight our foes that they use against us, explaining his meaning by quoting from the Word, "He that kills by the sword must be killed with the sword," and "He that leadeth into captivity shall be led into captivity" and "If we despoil a strong man's house we must be stronger than the man."

"So it follows," said he, "that if we re-take our own we must enter the League of Jonathan and David, not for violence, but to force 'peace on earth, good will toward men.' My friend, this is the plan, but not the detail of our Society, and we hope, little by little, to get the help of all good men in this, the noblest work that man can busy himself with, to the end that all may be ready for peace and plenty in that great day of the Lord."

"Mr. Yead, since you follow the line of thought you do, and you say your position is sanctioned and taught in the Word, and since you have studied Socialism, can you tell me in what particular the Society of Yead differs from pure



Socialism?" I asked, "for from what I have seen and read of the proposals of Socialism they seem to me in line with your own, with the difference, perhaps, that you do not believe that the reform can be reached by political action and the Socialists do."

"Mr. Riley, I am glad to note you have followed me this far in the discussion, and that you have studied Socialism, for it is a good study to fit one's mind to receive the very opposite doctrine. The Yeadists and the Socialists go opposite ways, but meet on the other side of the sphere, the same as one man goes east and another west around the earth until they meet again on the other side. Both started for the same place, but took opposite paths to reach a common destination. The Society of Yead utilizes the selfishness of man to further the interests of the collectivity, while the Socialists attempt to change nature, or man's instinct, which is an impossibility. The Socialists advocate placing all property in the State, except money, or labor credits, which is money in spite of the name given it."

"Are you not mistaken in your last statement, Mr. Yead?" I interrupted. "I understand that some Socialists would reserve to the individual all household goods and other personal property, together with a home and a small plat of ground as a homestead."

"Yes, I realize that is true," Mr. Yead answered, "but the very fact that they are divided on so many questions works against their success, even if some one plan were perfect, for God's Word says, and all thinking men recognize its truth aside from the Bible, that 'a house divided against itself cannot stand.' But we will return to the subject. We will for the sake of the analysis except all of the reservations collectively and reserve money only, yet the question is one of multiplied complications, and we may view it from all sides at leisure and still it remains an unknown quantity, with no fixed plan to work to. The Word says that 'faith without works availeth nothing.' The very best we can say is that it is an ideal, with all of the adverse nature of man ignored. But I must quit generalizing and give reasons for my convictions. To begin with, we have all noticed the natural tendency of



man from childhood to maturity, and we have seen that the natural desire is to possess something. The little child, if it is healthy, desires trinkets, and when forced to give them up to another resents the encroachment on its wishes and what to it is its rights. This nature remains with the child through youth and into old age, and we might be convinced that the desire to possess was acquired by education were it not exhibited so strongly in mere infants, but for that reason if no other we must conclude that it is inherent. So, if this be true, there could be no contentment or pleasure for a man working all his years for a something—called the State—for just his board and clothes and furnishing his own home (if the home be reserved to him, and if not, then he would get more for his time, as the State must furnish it for him in addition to his board and clothes). If we reserve to every family a house will we build it or allow the head of the family to build it for himself? Then what would we do about the inheritance of the home by the children? Or shall we provide by law that each family shall have but one child (President Roosevelt would object to that), or shall we take land from the Commonwealth, which belongs to all the people, and parcel it out as a wedding present to newly-married people?—which I believe would be the right thing to do, and is a beautiful sentiment. All of these little things might be adjusted, and I believe they could be, but there are many questions more serious than any I have mentioned. We have multiplied evidence at hand which proves that one of the strongest incentives for humanity to work, plan, and invent, is the hope of gaining the applause of men, or a place to stand on that is above the rest of mankind. Everyone of us points with approval to Lincoln, who battled his way from a poor rail-splitter to the president's chair; to Washington, who from a hunter rose to be the commander of the continental armies and then president, and to Garfield, a canal boy who became president. In short, the minds of men so strongly approve the idea of a 'self-made man,' one who has climbed from poverty to a kingdom, that they fairly revel in and never tire of reading fiction that describes 'the battle from poverty to wealth and power.' We know of men spending thousands

of dollars more than the salary to gain the title of Senator. All this proves that the natural tendency of man is to become a leader, and when he reaches the place of leader then he uses all his energy and force to elevate himself to that of commander. So we conclude that to get the best efforts of man we must not abridge his capabilities, yet we should devise some plan to prevent him from encroaching upon the rights of his weaker brother.

"We will now turn our attention to the idea of the Co-operative Commonwealth. In the first place, to carry out any sort of a plan we must have officers and they must have power, delegated to them in some manner, to enforce rules or laws enacted by the people, yet when we elect them we know that their natures lead them to assume greater power than was intended they should have, for we have seen that power and official position are the stepping-stones used by all the men of the past and present to climb to fame. If we wish more proof to establish these truths all we have to do to supply it is to turn to history, where we find that when the plebeians of Rome were allowed to elect from their number a tribune to represent them in the law-making body the man, almost invariably, proved to be possessed of the same love of power as all the rest of mankind, and at once began to plan to make himself a lord, peer or king, and, if it became necessary for his success, to sacrifice father or mother, or put to the sword one-half or any other number of his constituents, he would not hesitate a moment to do it. It seems that the great majority of mankind cannot withstand the temptation of, and will even sacrifice their own life for, wealth, title and power or to be worshiped by men as the Prince of Wisdom. I believe there are exceptions to every rule, but they are so few that their influence has no effect, and, as a rule, men who cannot be bribed can be fooled, and so are led into wrong believing it to be right. There is no longer any question about Abe Lincoln being coerced into signing some vicious laws, and being misled as to the effect of other bad laws, by Stanton and others who were interested, and who were made rich by the laws they fooled Lincoln into signing. That Mr. Lincoln knew the import of some of these laws is

proved by letters he wrote describing the situation, for in these letters he said: 'The Senate was stubborn and we were forced to yield or see our country and our government destroyed.' Thus we see we cannot place any dependence in officers to subserve the people's interest and forego their own aggrandizement.

"We will now consider a few of the conditions that must obtain under a Co-operative Commonwealth. We must have foremen in every shop, for otherwise we would find a dozen men contending with each other as to who should operate a certain machine. All would claim to have as much right as any of the others, so if there was no way to settle the dispute there would be no work done. As an exemplification of human nature in this regard we need only consult mothers and fathers of large families of boys and girls. Mothers will tell you that one girl will say, 'Let Jenny wash the dishes for I want to fix up my room.' Then Jenny will say, 'I guess I have as much right to fix up my room as you have to fix yours.' And so the innumerable complications continue until mother comes forward and specifies the duty of each contestant by using her natural authority. What is true in the realm of housework is also true of the boys under the father at the shop, factory, or on the farm. As men and women are 'only children grown tall' they retain that self-will and love of freedom of action born with them. They may take advice, but coercion, never! except, perhaps, from mother or father and not from them even after they are of age and are equal in responsibility. The father and mother have natural authority and power to punish the disobedience of their children, while a foreman who is elected would have no such right. He could not even dismiss from service for disobedience the delinquent person owning as much in the institution as the boss, as neither of them owns anything, only as each is one of the people, a citizen of the state, in which the whole property is vested. Another reason is that the power to dismiss from service is also power to condemn to death or servitude, for the reason that Socialism teaches and advocates that all must work or not be allowed to eat, so when all the land and the manufacturing property is vested in the state it will be



readily seen that all must obey orders or be condemned to starvation; thus the officers and bosses become the rulers of the people, as were the ancient kings.

"But again, our knowledge of the separate rights of all teach us that if society has the power to say one must render service or starve, then society must be in position at all times to furnish work to all comers, and at the same time have constantly on hand food whereby all may be fed, as well as clothed, for clothing is essential second only to food; and in addition to food and clothes housing must be furnished at all times. And still again, society could not reasonably demand of a starving man that he work first and eat afterward, or of a shelterless man that he lie out in the cold for a night that he might commence work the next day, and then labor first and eat afterward. I say we could not for humanity's sake do that kind of thing. Therefore, there would be nothing to prevent men of a roving disposition from going from place to place and consuming the product of the rest of society without giving any return therefor.

"We could go on for hours enumerating the many complications that enter into the Socialistic Idea, but time will not permit, so I will close this part of the subject and take up what to me seems the most difficult part of all, which is MONEY, or the medium of exchange, for it is money no matter what form may be adopted. Any token given in exchange for labor or property, which can be again exchanged for other property, such as food, raiment, etc., is money, and that token or the thing bought with it must be the absolute property of the individual, and his right to use it as he wills cannot be questioned or abridged by any other person or society and the owner remain free. Money is absolutely necessary to civilization, for it can be carried conveniently from place to place and it will be received in exchange for food and other products of the earth that are indispensable to the comfort and life of the people. I venture to say there is not one Socialist who thinks he can see a way or devise a plan whereby society could discard money of every form, and yet I cannot see how the proposed Co-operative Commonwealth can force all citizens to work as long as money is in



existence and can be obtained by the individual, and owned by the individual, and I assign as my reason the following:

"If it were possible to change the form of government without revolution, then in that case we would have to appoint a day for the change to take place; or, if not, then the people would be warned of the approaching change by the result of the election which swept the Socialists into power, and they would be further warned by the repeal of all laws pertaining to private ownership of land and the passage of laws vesting landed titles in the state. When the people were reasonably sure the change was about to be made every banker, loan company, and all the creditor-class would begin collecting every dollar they had standing out, and when collected would hide it or lock it up in vaults, because a blind man could see that money, being the only property that could be transferred, it would be the only thing that would purchase bread, if, indeed, it would do so. As we go into the matter the whole social fabric becomes a seething mass of inflamed anarchy, and, try as we may, we cannot prevent an awful picture from passing before our eyes. We see farmers and others who have the material for food and clothes refusing to trade it for money because money is of such doubtful value. We see all value being reduced to articles of food and clothing, for these are the only articles that possess the property which render it fit to satisfy human needs. When these are supplied, and not until then, the wants of man will extend to all pleasurable things, such as elegance, beauty, art, etc. We see that food and material for clothes must be taken from its owner, who produced it by his labor, either by law, theft, or force; otherwise thousands must perish from hunger, because the owners of provisions would refuse to trade for a thing they could not use and did not want. We see that people living on land would not have any incentive to produce more than would supply their own wants and to trade for clothing, and money would not enter into the transaction. We see that all debts and credits must fail, for the reason that the repealing of land titles destroyed all security ownership, and even if the honesty of Jones led him to pay *money* to Johnson, which he (Jones) had promised to pay

to Johnson, and all other men who owed *money* to others would pay money in liquidation of their indebtedness, the last man into whose hands the money came might starve to death unless some one would trade food for his money. But even if the change could be made and money retain the same function it now has, those who got possession of the money would have all others at a disadvantage, for they could charge enormous interest for the use of their money, and thus beat the Socialist edict that 'If one works not, neither shall he eat.' Some Socialists say we will issue labor credits or tickets, which will certify that the bearer has performed certain labor and is entitled to a specified amount of credit, or so many pounds of meat, flour, or other food or commodities. Even that leads us into more complications for we must then have public store-keepers in every neighborhood where this scrip may be redeemed with goods. Then again we see that this scrip could pass current in only a very limited circle, for otherwise people could counterfeit the scrip and pass it upon the public store-keepers, and again the edict, 'Work or not eat,' would be defeated. 'But,' says someone, 'we will have the credit slips engraved and numbered, just as greenbacks are now.' Well, that might help some, but we would have to have an expert on money in every store to keep out counterfeits. In fact, everybody would have to be an expert or be imposed on or be compelled to take their surplus production to the store and trade it for what they needed in other men's product to avoid being defrauded.

"Thus, Friend Riley, I will close the discussion of this question," said Mr. Yead, "not because I have exhausted all the difficulties that would arise upon an attempted change from any form of government to the Co-operative Commonwealth, as advocated by Socialism, for they are innumerable. I confess that the theory is beautiful, and if it were possible to put it in operation through political action we would all wish to live here forever and the millennial day would have dawned. But we must all admit that the wealth-owners under the present system will try to hold their power, and get more if they can. We also realize that the masses must continue to be the bearers of all the burdens, unless some plan is

devised to distribute to each person his honest own, and the individual must be provided with power to withhold his property from the greed of those that would devise divers plans to rob him, but a man would not be counted wise if he took his own life to cure a cold, or if he would bind himself to the state to avoid serving a man or a corporation. We also realize that by labor all must secure a living, and the only question to solve is how to prevent the other fellow from living by our labor instead of his own.

"This great question has been solved and all that now remains is for the people to adopt the solution. It gives the blessings of Socialism with none of the restrictions. It allows us all the liberties of politics, religion and travel that we now enjoy. It robs no man of his wealth nor the product of his labor. It invades not the sanctuary of God nor the domicile of man. We do not have to wait for ages for the majority of the people to embrace the doctrines of a political party, nor does it depend on the honesty or wisdom of peers, lords, or other officers. It forces no man to abandon the competitive system unless he wishes to do so. It requires the change of not one law that is now on the statute books. Under that system man can own property of every kind that he can now, and can take part in politics if he will. In short, Mr. Riley, all men can succeed if they will—not by politics, but in *spite* of it. This, my friend, is the system in use by the Society of Yead, and it has been used by men for hundreds of years. It is such a system that a man does not have to be possessed of great wisdom in order to understand it and to know that it will be a success with all who adopt it, for it is the plan of God, and is as immutable as the fixed laws of nature. Mr. Riley, we can get the people to accept the perfect plan only by degrees, and if we would herald it to the world the people would forget it and it would do them no good. For the Word says we must all work out our own salvation, and that little by little, as the leaven leaveneth the whole lump of baker's dough."

Mr. Yead closed by saying: "Mr. Riley, at the proper time and place, if you are found worthy, you shall receive the plan which to you will be an open book. But you will

be admonished to never reveal these secrets to any one, except at the proper time and place; for while we would be only too glad to at once give the blessings of 'Peace, Health and Plenty' to the world if the people would only receive and understand, the very nature of the plan is such that the people could not adopt it in a day or a year, or even in ten years. But with those who come to our society it will be an immediate success and will grow into a perfection that will carry blessings to all posterity."



## CHAPTER III.

One day, as I was looking over some kodak pictures, I came across one which showed a man's head which seemed to be peering from behind a large rock. I was startled when I discovered it was my own face, and as I was recalling and meditating over the circumstances under which the picture had been taken Miss Gladys came into the room, and on seeing me with the picture came up to me and tried to attract my attention from this picture by showing me another. But as she was about to take the picture from my hand I laid it down and gently took both her hands in my own and said:

"My dear little friend, do not try to assist me in escaping from anything of which I might be ashamed. That picture tells you and me of a time when I sought to follow and spy upon your father in order that I might find the country that was so rich with gold, and I am sure you nor your father now believe me guilty of any intent of wrong, no matter what his thoughts might have been at the time. But, do you know, I am not sorry my curiosity got the better of me and caused me to follow Mr. Yead, for had it not done so I should not have met him and viewed with my eyes a man with such a soul as he. I have learned from his writings and from his own lips of the plans by which he expects to protect the people against the power of some impending danger, and thus obey the command of God. Your father has told me of the 'Society of Yead,' and I, too, dear Gladys, have taken its pledge and have been taught its lesson, and I have the promise of your father to be introduced into this society in full fellowship. I have also promised to consecrate my life to that work which will relieve the oppressed from poverty, and make it possible for them to be an honest Christian people. Your father has pointed out for me a work

that is a glorious work. How vividly he has shown me that a man is happy on earth only as he devotes his life to the good of mankind! How wonderfully he has portrayed the cup of bitterness that awaits us in old age or at death if we have in our life sought only the pleasures of this world or devoted our energies to the amassing of great wealth; for he truly says 'we are as poor as the beggar upon the streets of a city when we pass the grave' except as we have enriched our souls by helping the people in the good work of helping themselves, and thus endeared our lives to the God-loving world; for God says the way is so plain that wayfaring men need not err therein. Your father has taught me why we must work in secret to accomplish our work, for the power we fight would make doubly strong their defense if they knew the weapons we use against them and would send out emissaries to capture the sword of the infants before they could take it up; and while my impetuous nature would lead me to cry out to all the world, and try to gather them together with trumpets, and point out the plan of escape, your father's past experience has taught him the only way. He has shown me how he unwittingly delayed the work for a lifetime by the public utterances he hurled from the rostrum in his younger days. So he has pointed out to me his mistake, which I shall try to avoid.

"Now, Dear Gladys, having determined to be, first, a follower of your father, then a leader in the work for God and Humanity in spreading and continuing the unbroken chain that now binds the 'Society of Yead' together, I feel I have only one hope more to realize to make my work a continual pleasure. Gladys, that hope is that I may have you always with me as an inspiration to guide me on."

Her answer was the golden pledge that binds all this world in a happy unity of families, though the words used by each of us are too sacred to place in print before the world.

We had become so interested that we did not hear the approach of Mr. Yead, who startled us by saying: "Come, young man, it seems as if you have stolen from me more than five times the value that you would had you stolen all the gold in the mountains. Is that why you tracked me to these

hills from Denver? Now that you have done your worst I should think you would come to dinner, which is getting cold."

So time sped on toward the time when Mr. Yead promised me, if I was able, he would take me to the quarterly meeting at the settlement, where I could see more of the workings of the "Society of Yead."

A few days after the mutual understanding, and we had received the blessings of Mr. Yead, Miss Gladys went to visit an uncle with the promise of meeting me again when I came with her father to attend the quarterly meeting of the church in the valley some one hundred miles from this mountain home, at which time I was to be taken into the "Society of Yead." The time intervening between Gladys' departure and the time of the meeting came to an end after a time which seemed an age to me, and it was with a light heart that I was assisted to mount my horse and set out with Mr. Yead and a number of the men of this little nook in the mountains for the place of meeting. We were delayed a few hours by one of the men falling sick, who had to be sent home, and we arrived at the meeting place after the people had assembled. I was introduced to some of the men and women who came forward to meet Mr. Yead, and escorted to a seat in the church. I saw nothing of Miss Gladys, but I asked no questions, for it was now late, and Mr. Yead went directly to the pulpit and began the sermon after the song service was ended.

As soon as he began I had no time for other thought, for his clear, ringing voice poured forth the most vivid and wonderful words that I had ever listened to, and I sat as if under a spell or in a trance until he finished; then my mind came back from the Isle of Patmos. But every word of that sermon is as vivid to me now as when I listened to it in that immense church of logs in that wonderful settlement, where the strongest band of Spiritual Brotherhood prevails of any place I know of on this globe; and I afterward learned there was not a case of poverty among these people.

Dear Reader, listen to the sermon, for here are the words minus the spiritual fervor that this wonderful man possessed.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE SERMON.

DEAR BRETHREN: If you will turn to the second chapter of Joel, verses 27 and 28, you will find there recorded the following text: "And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God, and none else: and my people shall never be ashamed. And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

If we follow this text and apply it to the experiences of men of our day, as well as the testimony sent us by men of ages that are past, we shall see that God has continued his prophetic spirit with the people down through the ages, and to the present day.

I am glad that God has seen fit to verify His words through me, by allowing his spirit of prophecy to rest on His servant, that I may add my testimony to that of many other witnesses who have had prophetic dreams and visions.

Yes, my Brethren, I am glad to add my testimony to your testimony, for I know there are many of you who have seen visions that were prophecies—either in dreams or presentiments. I can recall many dreams that I have experienced which came true to the very letter, which proves to my mind that we can get flash-lights on events yet to come.

My dear old mother used to tell me her dreams, which I noted carefully, and they were afterward verified in the most perfect manner. The mind in its sleeping state is said to be more susceptible to impressions than when awake; yet, I have received psychological forecasts while I was awake, in the light of day, that came true within a few hours. I have the



testimony of many men and women, both in and out of the church, who have had similar experiences with dreams and visions—both night and day.

Many years ago I became interested in God's manifestations of Himself to His children. My interest caused me to observe carefully and watch for manifestations among men who professed to be His followers, as well as those who made no such profession. As a result of my research I have gathered some of the most wonderful evidences that God is mindful of the children of men, and that the spirit of God and His watchfulness turn aside many dangers that menace our lives, and that would cause us great suffering and hardships only for His influence.

I have tabulated some of the most beautiful instances of God's influence with men and have had them verified by oath before a Notary Public and have preserved them in my study as heirlooms. In the last few days I have been looking over an old scrap-book in which I have preserved some beautiful sermons that I heard delivered in years gone by, some of which were masterpieces, and which were presented by divines who have long since passed to their great reward.

Among many other articles, poems and sermons, I found a beautiful story that I gathered many years ago, while I was sojourning in the State of Kansas, which I reduced to writing and had verified under oath by three witnesses, who were present at the time of the occurrence. In reciting this story I shall use the real names of the characters that took part in this drama of real life on the western frontier.

Mrs. Amanda Moses was the Notary Public who administered the oath to the witnesses. There are some of the parties still living at Lincoln, Kansas, and there are so many children and grand-children still residing there that one would experience no difficulty in verifying the facts, even at the present time.

In 1866, and for some years thereafter, the country lying west of Salina, Kansas, was a wild and desolate plain and the Indian's hunting-ground, being the home of the buffalo, antelope and the coyote. The history of this country was very much like that of all the other states. The young man with

his family pushed on and on, ever westward, where he settled on public land just beyond the lines already established by the home-builders who preceeded him. The settlers took up their homes along the streams where timber and water could be obtained, as timber was found only along streams and where there was a natural protection from prairie fires, so, in many instances there were several miles between settlements. The frontiersmen built their habitations as close together as was practicable in order that they might protect each other from Indian raids and co-operate in many matters. I have been told that there was the most remarkable harmony always existing in these settlements.

In these early days there was no inequality, but all had plenty; there was neither employer nor employe, but each worked to provide for his own household; there were no petty jealousies, as each depended on the other only for the union of forces for the common protection. Newcomers received hospitality from the old settlers, who divided provisions with them until they could provide for themselves and repay in kind their debts from their first harvest.

I do not wish to be understood as asserting that all was as merry as a marriage, for such was not the case. The dry years and grasshoppers came, and in many cases settlers were forced to abandon their homes or starve; in other cases Indians drove the residents of small settlements from their homes and they never returned to them again. But it is a well-known fact that had the people been in constant discord, and had they exhibited the selfishness that prevails in the Eastern States today, the settling of the West would have taken many years longer, if, indeed, it could have been accomplished at all.

We will now return to the subject of the story and speak of what actually happened in a small settlement of white people, near the banks of the Saline river, about three miles southeast of where the town of Lincoln, Kansas, the county seat of the county of the same name, stands.

It was the custom of the early settlers to visit one another at their homes and engage in rifle practice and other amusements, and almost any Sunday would find three or four

of the settlers visiting at the home of a neighbor. The men would pitch horseshoes and engage in target practice; the women would visit together and prepare dinners; so all would enjoy these social gatherings very much. In the evening each would return to his home, and on the following Sunday they would again visit some of their neighbors or entertain their friends at their own cabins.

The church, Sunday school and theater had not made their appearance on the western frontier, so the people had to entertain themselves at best they could. On one particular Sunday, the exact date I was unable to obtain—as calendars were not much in evidence in those days and time was not noted with much exactness, more than to keep track of the months—but, at the time of the opening of this story, the families of John Henderson and Fred Arhart were visiting at the cabin of Martin Henderson, who was familiarly known as Uncle Mart.

Some little time before the dinner hour, while the men were amusing themselves at rifle practice, Uncle Mart suddenly went a little way to one side, sat down upon a stone and seemed to be in a peculiar mood. He would make no answer to anything that was said to him and soon got up and went to the house. His company asked one another if they had done anything to offend him, but each was sure he had not, so they went into the cabin to make inquiry. They found Mr. Henderson lying down. In answer to questions, he said there was nothing the matter with him, but that he felt compelled to go west, to the mouth of Spillman creek, which was some ten or twelve miles from the settlement, and as this was then the border settlement all the territory west was wild country and dangerous for a man to venture into alone. There was danger of meeting with some band of Indians who were on the war-path at the time and would count it a pleasure to leave their hunt to give chase to a lone pale-face. His friends and Mrs. Henderson, in turn, tried to dissuade him, but the more they objected the more determined he was to go.

He finally arose, went out and caught up his horse, saddled and bridled it, and evinced a determination to go or die on the road. He buckled on his revolver, took his Spencer



carbine (a short repeating rifle) and sprang into the saddle and was about to start when Fred Arhart said: "Uncle Mart, I feel like I would like to go with you, and would do so had I as good a horse to ride as you have." Whereupon, Uncle Mart dismounted and said: "Fred, if you will go you may have my horse and I will get another." Mr. Arhart knew there was no other horse on the premises as good, so he hesitated. Without further comment Uncle Mart went and caught up a four-year-old colt that was only partially broken to the bit and had been ridden but three or four times. He placed a blanket on the colt, as he had no other saddle.

Handing the rifle to Mr. Arhart, he sprang on the colt's back and they were off for the mouth of Spillman creek, on what errand neither of them knew. Uncle Mart led the way, while Mr. Arhart followed closely in the rear. They rode, without passing a word between them, mile after mile over hills and gullies, until they reached a prominence about a mile from the mouth of Spillman creek, where Uncle Mart suddenly drew rein, and, turning to Mr. Arhart, said: "Fred, what I came here for we shall see over yonder near that clump of underbrush and trees." He was about to proceed when Mr. Arhart said: "Uncle Mart, this is an awfully lonesome place! Don't you think we had better go home?" Mr. Henderson answered: "You may go, but I will not go until I know why I came here." Mr. Arhart would not leave him, and on they went.

Uncle Mart's eye-sight was not very good, and as they approached the clump of trees referred to Mr. Arhart warned his companion that there was something ahead that might be Indians, for he saw what he believed to be a red blanket. Mart Henderson's answer was: "Get your gun in readiness and we shall soon see what it is." They then pushed on for a few hundred yards, when they suddenly came upon two little white children, four and six years old, who were wandering about on the prairie almost starved to death. Uncle Mart dismounted and handed one of the children to Mr. Arhart and the other he took on the horse with himself and hastened with all possible speed homeward.

The friends reached home in safety, and by using care in



feeding the little ones they had rescued from either death by starvation or being devoured by wolves, the children were nursed back to health; but as soon as he had left orders as to the feeding of the children, Uncle Mart mounted his horse and set out to find the parents of the "babes on the plains."

Mr. Henderson intuitively went in a northeasterly direction, and after riding some ten miles he met another horseman, who proved to be Polk Trip, a scout, who afterward became first sheriff of two or three of the surrounding counties, in turn, as they were organized. Mr. Trip informed Mr. Henderson that the children belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Bell, who lived in a settlement northeast of Henderson's some thirty-five miles, near where Beloit, Kansas, now stands. He also told Mr. Henderson of an Indian raid on the north settlement, stating that several persons had been killed, and that the mother of the children had been carried off, but had been abandoned by the Indians, and that she had been found and taken home, where she was at that time distracted and prostrate from grief at the fate of her little ones. It seems the Indians had become tired of the children and had cast them aside to be torn in pieces by wolves or to be starved on the plains.

Mr. Henderson returned home and Mr. Trip carried the good tidings to the loving and anguished mother that her babies had been saved to her alive. This mother had been stricken down with grief and her life was almost despaired of; yet, we have another self-evident proof that joy rarely kills, for the good news was balm to her wounds. After she was assured that the little ones were in the best of hands, and the manner of their rescue was recited to her, she thanked God for His kindness and care of her and her babies. She then slept the sleep of recovery, and on the following day, when a small band of settlers were ready to go and bring the babes to their mother, she appeared in their midst well-mounted and evinced a determination to be the first to receive the little ones from the hands of him who rescued them from death. Be it said to the glory of a mother's love that, against advice in the interest of her own health, she could not be prevailed on to stay at home and wait for the children

to be brought to her, but braved all danger and fatigue and was the first to receive the babies in her open arms and thank God for the instrumentality that was used by Him to deliver them to her alive. This manifestation of God is so thoroughly verified that none can doubt the influence which led Mr. Henderson to accomplish the work God had given him to do.

So it is, my friends, at every mile-stone we find inexhaustible evidence of supernatural influence in dreams and visions, so that the man who would deny the psychic relations between man and the Infinite would only expose his ignorance of scientific advancement recognized by all philosophers and psychological students.

We find by the study of the Word that God, in addition to directing His people in the paths of peace and spirituality, also points out the many dangers that beset our pathway in temporal matters. For positive proof of this we need only recall the many instances when God took part in the business ventures of people, and, in many cases, those that were helped by God's influence were not believers in His religion or His supremacy, for, the angel appeared to Joseph, the husband of Mary, in a dream. Pharaoh, the King of Egypt, saw in a dream the seven fat and the seven lean kine. He saw the seven rank and the seven lean ears of corn also in a dream, and the result of the dreams was that the people were saved from starvation and the King's dreams liberated Joseph from prison, and were the direct cause of the fulfillment of Joseph's prophetic dream, which he had experienced a number of years before. Each of these dreams was influenced by God and added to the success of Egypt in her financial welfare, and at the same time rewarded Joseph for his fidelity to his God. We find throughout the Bible instances where God advised and directed His people in their temporal affairs. He directed battles and taught the people the wonderful power of usury. And we have no record of an instance where the advice of God was followed by the people where success was not attained.

I am sure that if the people will follow the direction of God they need not fear for the future, either in temporal or spiritual matters. The Jews attain the greatest percentage

of success of any nationality for the reason that they follow more closely the directions of their ancient prophets.

It is no longer necessary for God to continue His direct communication with the world; for the full directions are laid down for us to follow if we will; and He says if we believe not the prophets we will not believe one even if he rise from the dead. But we are commanded to search the Scriptures, and follow the directions given by God through the Prophets; which Habbakkuk says are so plain that he may run who readeth it; and Isaiah says that the way is so plain that way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

It is written that there is none so blind as those that will not see, and none so deaf as those that will not hear; but all who will may claim the promises and succeed by learning what we are commanded to do, and then do it.

The philosopher studies cause and effect, and then uses the cause to promote the effect he desires; for he knows it cannot fail, as it is Nature's eternal law. The philosopher may foretell what will happen a thousand years hence with perfect accuracy, provided the cause continues; while the prophet receives his psychic impression from what he calls a vision, and he writes what he sees, and we can only know its meaning after we have seen its fulfillment.

I am sure there is a way pointed out by God through the prophets to evade every danger that overshadows us, and I know that the remedy is as perfect as the laws of Nature are perfect, and if we will follow the advice given us by the Spirit of God through the prophets we will find the perfect way.

Therefore, in order that we may learn how to protect ourselves from the effects of an unrighteous cause we should watch for the fulfillment of the prophecies; for we read in the first chapter of Revelation that Christ used the Revelator as His servant to reveal to His people what was shortly to come to pass. John says in verse 10 that he was in the Spirit when he wrote of the vision that he saw. He points out the matchless teachings of Christ and the reward reserved for the faithful; and he points to the danger that lies in wait for those that are slothful. And when we contemplate



the joys that are ours if we will reach out our hands and partake of His blessings, we are repaid for the work and study and long waiting we have experienced.

The greater part of Revelation is devoted to spiritual forecasts, but if we read the thirteenth chapter carefully, we see that this chapter is the exception, and is devoted to the description of dangers that threaten the people in business. So it is not only our privilege, but our duty, to heed God's warning and profit by His directing influence handed us through this prophet. For John the Revelator speaks to the people after the days of Christ, and he occupies the same relation to us as the old prophets did to the Jews. We will now study his work and profit by his warning.

John describes a Beast which he saw in his vision, which beast came up out of the sea (the angel explains in another chapter that water means people). The Beast that John saw had seven heads and ten horns on its heads; and as the entire chapter appears to be a warning to the people of a dire calamity to come, which threatens the lives and liberties of the people that are on the earth when it does come, therefore, we must be on the alert and profit by that warning, should it come in our day, and we should teach our children to guard their interests against its attack on the coming generation after we are dead.

Men and brethren, the Beast with such wonderful power is now here, and if we do not marshal our forces to do battle we are lost, and must continue to be the slaves of the Beast, and our children will be enslaved after us.

I have used the word-picture sent us by John to discover the Beast, and now that I have found it I see that he has Blasphemy written on his forehead. (See Rev. 13:1.) I see the number of his name also; for it is the number of a man and his number is six hundred three score and six. (See Rev. 13:18.) This Beast has another name, and the power it possesses it derives through that name, from the people, and its only material existence is the name it bears. And the name of the Beast is STANDARD OIL COMPANY; and it is guilty of all the crimes John says it is guilty of, and it has written on its head Blasphemy and Perjury; and it is guilty



of many other crimes, which I will enumerate in turn as I come to them, and compare them with John's description.

I will now submit the evidence I have gathered that proves the Standard Oil Company to be the Beast, and the same evidence will prove it is guilty of the crimes credited to "It."

The witnesses I shall use to prove the case against the Beast and to prove its identity are well known to all, and their reputation for truth and honor is beyond question. The first witness will be John the Revelator, after whom we will call United States Attorney General Moody, and the well-known prophet, Habakkuk, and, perhaps, Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston.

St. John the Revelator has submitted his evidence in writing, in which he gives a very minute description of the beastly thing that he says is the oppressor and enemy of the people who will live on the earth contemporary with the Beast.

We have accused the Standard Oil Company of being the criminal and of being the Beast. The accused says he is not the criminal that John describes, but that, on the contrary, he does good and not harm in the world, wherefore, he demands to be acquitted of wrong-doing. If you, my friends, will act as the judge and jury we will now proceed to review the evidence.

St. John says that he saw the Beast and that it had seven heads and ten horns on its heads. We notice that John does not say that three of the heads had two horns, and all the others had but one horn each; nor does he say each head had one horn and three-sevenths of one horn; so we conclude there were ten horns on each head, or seventy horns in all. We all understand that crowns in the Bible refer to wealth and power. So, as the horns had ten crowns, the Beast that possessed so many powers and crowns must be in control of unmeasurable wealth and power. So, my friends, when we measure the power and wealth of the accused, and then compare it with the description we see the exact parallel.

The angel in explaining the mystery of the Beast says

that it possessed a very unnatural existence, for the angel says: "It was, is not, and yet is." (See Rev. 17:8.)

I have heard men point to this statement as being a contradiction, because the language seems to be paradoxical; but when we find the Beast, and examine the peculiar immaterial existence that it possesses we see that the angel used the only words that could be used to describe the unnatural being without using the word "Corporation," which word was not in use at the time of the writing of Revelation; yet it is true, for a corporation has no material existence. It is like time and space, it always *was*; at least the power to create it always was with the people. "*It is not*," for at this moment it has only a mythical existence. "*It yet is*," yes, my friends, it is, for the people who have been enslaved by it, and whose enterprises have been mangled, crushed and swallowed up by it, will testify to its existence; for they know and have felt its presence and power. Yes, my brethren, they know it is here in their midst, even if they can not see, hear, touch, taste or smell a corporation; and while it has no human form, with a soul, a heart, or conscience, never-the-less it is here in a beastly form called an "IT," and it is so called by John the Revelator. The power to form a corporation always was, and is like Time and Space, it always will be, yet it has no material existence, as matter.

The Prophet Habakkuk, in describing one of the heads of the Beast, says: "He enlargeth his desire as Hell, and is as Death; and cannot be satisfied, but gathereth unto him all Nations, and heapeth to him all people." My friends, if there are words in the language of men that will express a more perfect description of the vicious avariciousness of the Trust Corporations I should be pleased to learn in what language they may be found.

United States Attorney General Moody furnishes us with the strongest corroborative evidence, for he says that he instituted proceedings against the Standard Oil Company, under the anti-trust laws of the United States, on the 15th day of November, 1906, in the city of St. Louis, Missouri. Mr. Moody says that the accused is a powerful Thing called an It, and that it has seven heads and seventy horns

(branches). Witness further says this beastly thing has used, and is using, its seven heads of concerns, and its seventy branch concerns to encompass all the industries, and to crush out the unorganized efforts of the people and thus subjugate and enslave them. He further says that this beastly thing (The Standard Oil Company) is guilty of many crimes against the people, and that he is seeking to give battle to this unnatural being, and to punish it for its crimes.

Witness further says that the seven main heads of this beastly "It" consists of: J. D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers, Henry M. Flagler, J. D. Archbold, Oliver H. Payne, and Charles M. Pratt; and that they all act as a unit in the power they possess, with J. D. Rockefeller-Rogers as the directing power.

Thomas W. Lawson, in his testimony, which has never been impeached, says the Standard Oil Company is under the absolute direction of Rockefeller-Rogers, and that they work by what Mr. Lawson calls the "System." The witness (Mr. Lawson) further says that this beastly "It," through its heads, is guilty of perjury, robbery, bribery, and many other heinous crimes; and that they have driven men to self-destruction in order that they might escape the consequences of the brutal crimes of the Beastly System. The evidence is so plain, and proves the Standard Oil Company is none other than the Beast that was, is not, and yet is, that we are convinced without more evidence. But we must proceed until we give all the evidence, for the whole truth must be told; so we again turn to the evidence of St. John.

St. John says that the Beast he saw was likened unto a leopard. The habit of this beast is to hide in the jungle and spring upon its prey. The Standard Oil Company does the same thing, for it hides its identity in a jungle of corporations, and, when the favorable moment arrives, it springs upon and devours (absorbs) all the industries of the people, or other corporations that are less powerful.

John says that the feet of the Beast he saw were like the feet of a bear. This animal has the most powerful feet of all the beasts; and, like the Standard Oil Company, they both have power to squeeze the life out of its enemy or its



prey, or to strike down with a single blow all opposition. Is not the comparison perfect?

John says the Beast he saw had a mouth like a lion. The lion has the most powerful mouth of all beasts, and it is said to be King of Beasts, as the Standard Oil Company is the King of Corporations, and is a beastly thing. The lion and the leopard both kill and destroy more than they require for food, for they kill for the love of killing; and the Standard Oil Company takes more spoils than it can use, and robs for the love of robbing.

John says the dragon gave the Beast his power and great authority. The dragon is a species of snake that is said to have existed in pre-historic days; and naturalists tell us that the serpent has some kind of charm by which it impels its victims to it, and, also, that the snake covers its prey with a plaster of saliva when preparing to swallow it. The charm that impels men to the beastly Trust is the charm of Gold; and the saliva that it spreads on the industry it wishes to absorb is the Mortgage plaster.

By some mysterious charm the Trust has influenced the different states to pass laws to prevent their own citizens from incorporating to do more than one or two kinds of business, which business must be indicated by a corporate name; yet the same states allow the Standard Oil Company or the American Steel (steal) Company, whose charters cover and permit them to do any and all things known to man, to transact business within the borders of such states under the Foreign Corporations Law.

Again, the snake crawls through a small crevice in the rocks and escapes pursuit; and that power is paralleled by the Trust crawling through a minor crevice in the law when it discovers danger.

John further says: One of the heads of the Beast was wounded unto death, but that his deadly wound was healed. In our research for this head we find that in the beginning of oil-refining, and for several years following, there were two oil companies in this country, namely: The National and the Standard. We also remember that these two powerful concerns were at war with each other. This war was the



most stubbornly contested of any similar war we have any record of, and it was carried on for several years.

Finally, the Standard proved the stronger and the National was wounded unto death. But the most strange part of the matter is that, for the first time and the last time of which we have any record, the Standard Oil Company showed mercy to its enemy, for they ended the war by consolidating; and thus the words of the prophet were fulfilled, for the deadly wound was healed.

Witness says at verse 4, "And they worshipped the Beast, saying, 'Who is liken unto the Beast? Who is able to make war with him?'" Yea, verily, the people cry, "All hail to the Beast, for it has reduced the price of all the necessities of the people"; but they do not realize that by owning the labor-saving machinery the Beast reserves the power to take the lion's share of the increase of wealth to itself, while the natural persons must serve the Beast in order to obtain food and shelter. But when I await the answer to "Who is able to make war with the Beast?" I wait in vain; but I am sure there will come someone that will make war with the Beast and overcome It, for 'tis written, "He has power to continue for a time," and it is described in the Word how the gathering together for battle will come, and how the Beast will be forced to depart and go into perdition. John says he made war and overcame the people (saints), and that he had power over kindreds, tongues and nations. The power described is found to exist in the millions of money loaned to the nations by the Trust corporations.

In verses 11 and 12 John describes another Beast with two horns as a lamb. This Beast exercised all the power of the first Beast before him, but while he had a lamb-like appearance he spake as a dragon, and caused the Earth and them that dwell therein to worship the first beast. Here, my friends, we come to a place where the vitascope of St. John's vision shows the most wonderful perfection in its delineation. We see that this Beast takes power from the first Beast, but it returns its service and the profit to it again; and in addition to that, it also returns the service of the people to the

Beast by force. This seems to be something of a mystery, but when we study the picture we see that it is a servant of the Beast; and it looks like and it is the illegitimate child of the Standard Oil Company, and it is known by the name of "TRUST." In the lamb's horns he resembles the peaceful lamb, and he brings peace to the warring corporations, and he divides the spoils with the several heads which are partners in crime; but it spake as a dragon, and while it is a peace-maker to the warring corporations, it speaks with forked tongue like the snake that it is, and with the power of the boa it has squeezed the product of the farm into the coffers of the Beast; and it has gathered the profits of labor from the factories and turned them into the endless store-house of the Beast with seven heads.

John says, "And he doeth GREAT WONDERS, SO THAT HE MAKETH FIRE COME DOWN FROM HEAVEN ON THE EARTH IN THE SIGHT OF MAN." Ah, my brethren, HAVE YOU SEEN IT? As we view this picture, and as we are wondering when the Beast will bring down fire from heaven in the sight of man, and while we are still waiting and wondering if it will really come true, our hearts are beating with excitement and with awe.

And, behold! the light flashes before our eyes, our blood is chilled in our veins and our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths; a sudden pallor of death comes over our awe-stricken faces and we stand dumb, blind and speechless; for we have seen the fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of Man! And the angel of the Lord Jesus Christ, to allay our fears, places his hand on our heads, and whispers soft and low in our ears, "'Tis I, be not afraid. Lo! I am with you always, even to the end."

I ask you, my brethren, have you seen the fire? Yea, verily. For without a corporation which is the Beast that "WAS, IS NOT, and YET IS," there had never been produced in this beautiful world the Electric Light.

Now, my brethren, a few more points and I am done with the evidence, and then I will ask you to recount with me a few of this creature's crimes.

John says (verse 14): "And he deceived them that

dwell on the earth by means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the Beast; saying to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the Beast."

In the oil-fields of the United States the Standard Oil Company did deceive the people into making an image of the Beast; but when Standard Oil saw fit, It covered the little image with the snakey slime of Gold and swallowed it up like a snake would a toad.

Verse 15 continues and says, in effect, as many of these little images as would not worship the Beast were killed; and that is also true.

Verse 16: "And he caused both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads." Verse 17 continues with: "And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark of the Beast, or the number of his name."

Thus continues the harmonious description of the Trust and the Beast. The big companies, the little ones and all private enterprises receive the mark or price of the Beast that "WAS, IS NOT, AND YET IS," or The Trust Corporations; for they have encompassed every line of business, so that the clerks in the stores and the small dealers cannot do business until they have permission of the Combined Beast called the Trust; which is the bastard child of the Standard Oil Company; for they all compose the Beast with the seven heads and seventy horns.

We now consider the last verse of the chapter, which says: "Here is wisdom. *Let him that hath understanding count the number of the Beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred three score and six.*"

John says we must have understanding if we count the number of the Beast; which is to say, we must search studiously if we find the Beast that has the number 666 and, at the same time, fills the description he gives us in the preceding verses of the chapter.

My friends, I have spent many weary hours studying this text. I have tried many tests, but could never find anything that would fit the description, and at the same time

supply the number; so I was forced to give up my search for the Beast with the number mentioned by the prophet; and though I was reluctant to do so, I was forced to conclude that I had not the understanding necessary to count the number of the Beast.

My friends, we all agree that the mind of man is finite and cannot discern the Infinite; and while coming events may cast their shadows before, yet we are not able to determine from the shadow what the form is that casts its shadow across our pathway until the shadow-casting thing has presented itself before us.

I believe the seeming mysteries in the Bible will at some time be made clear; when the prophecies have reached their fulfillment and their existence becomes finite, so we can see their presence, feel their power, and can examine their physical forms, or feel their effects, as we now trace the footprints of beasts, and the marks of serpents after they have passed and left in our sight their marks in the sands and roadways.

So, my brethren, when I read in the papers that United States Attorney General Moody had commenced proceedings against the Standard Oil Company, and that he had found seven heads of concerns, and seventy branch concerns, all feeding the one body of stockholders, it was then this vision presented itself to my mind, and was "as clear as the moon, as bright as the sun, and as terrible as an army with banners." (Bible.) It seemed that all manner of thoughts clamored for recognition at the same time, and my mind was confused and I was forced to use my pencil to transcribe those little things called "thoughts" on paper for further reference. When I had finished I found a most intangible and mixed mass of thoughts without beginning or end.

I did nothing for the next few days but read and re-read the 13th chapter of Revelation and compare the words of the prophet with my thoughts; for I was impressed with the idea that I had either really discovered something of value to man or that I was no longer a sane man.

The reading of the Word reassured me, and I began, little by little, to divide and place the thoughts I had written in



form, assigning each thought to the verse to which it seemed to belong, for we are commanded to rightly divide the scripture. When I had finished harmony had taken the place of confusion, and, to my mind, the whole matter had become a Revelation.

John the Revelator says in his directions for us to count the number. Then he gives us the number 666; which is the same as if he had said, "What you have to do is to find the Beast with the number by applying the number 666 in such manner as will prove it is It, and at the same time you must be sure that the Beast also fills the description I have given you. You must see seven heads and ten horns, or seventy horns in all. And the BEAST must also have the other characteristics and powers I have described."

We, therefore, begin by counting the digits in the number and we have 3, and as each digit is 6, by adding them together we have 18. Now, if we will multiply each digit by the number of digits we have 18 in each case. We now divide 666 by 18 and we have 37, which is the relative value each digit bears to the number of the Beast, or 666. We now count the number of words in the legal name of Standard Oil Company, when we have three words, which correspond to the three digits in the number given by the prophet. We now count the number of letters in the three words, Standard Oil Company, and we exclaim, How remarkable! for we have the number 18, which has the same relative value to the number of the Beast as the digits have to that number, which relative value is 37. But to comply with the rule of the Bible we must prove by two witnesses, so we will call another to testify. We ask that witness how many letters compose the joint names of the System, J. D. Rockefeller and Standard Oil Company (J. D. Rockefeller System, Standard Oil Company). And the answer is 37. And then, if we multiply the number of all the letters, which is 37, by the value of the separate digits, established by two witnesses, what is the result? It is the number six hundred three score and six; and the number of the Beast, and the number of his whole name. Yea, verily, it is the Number of a Man, for J. D. Rockefeller-Rogers are as one man, and they make up the

two greater heads of the Beast, the Standard Oil Company, and the Beast that "*Was, Is Not, and Yet Is.*"

The evidence is all in and the argument is made, and I now leave the question with you, my friends, for your consideration. For in one week from today I will enumerate the crimes of this Beast with the power of the dragon.

And, now, may God add His blessing and may our understanding be enlarged upon through the grace of our Lord and our God, that we may prepare ourselves so as to be worthy a place in the lines of that army that must do battle on the side of the people, and as against the powers of the Beast. For, of a truth, my dearly beloved, we must be a part of that army of an hundred and forty and four thousand, having the name of our Lord's Father written in our foreheads. And we must sing "as it were a new song"; for it is written that none can learn that song but the "hundred and forty and four thousand."

Yea, verily, my beloved, let us watch and let us pray that we may be permitted to stand in the thickest of that glorious battle, for we have the promise of victory. Let us then make ourselves worthy of that victory.

## CHAPTER V.

At the close of this sermon the people seemed reluctant to depart until all had grasped the hand of Mr. Yead and expressed their regard for him. There was fully an hour given over to visiting before Mr. Yead finally came out to where I had been assisted by kindly hands and awaited him. Even then he was followed by more than a dozen men and women, who seemed determined to carry Mr. Yead off to their mountain homes in spite of himself.

But after he had said good-bye and explained over again that though he wished to accede to their wishes, he could only go with one of his many friends, he assisted me to mount my horse, and, when all was ready, we proceeded to wind our way over a bridle trail that led far up the mountain side, with the man whose guests we were in the lead. As the narrow trail would not admit of two riding abreast, conversation was rendered difficult.

So I took advantage of the occasion to commune with my own thoughts, and enjoy the wondrous beauty of Nature's universe. Our trail crossed and recrossed a mountain brook whose crystal waters are the home of the brook and rainbow trout. Their movements are like the lightning's flash, and they are so swift in water that they can climb a waterfall so high that one wonders at the miraculous feat; but after one sees them shoot up the falls a few times he would not be surprised if he caught them swimming up a sunbeam.

Before I had time to finish my meditations on the picturesque scenery through which we were passing, and which seemed endless in extent, we arrived at a mountain lake which was a half mile across by two miles in length. As we emerged from the forest and proceeded along the south-

west side of the lake, I let my eyes take in the lake and its surroundings.

A high mountain, which looked as if it had grown bald from age, formed the background; then lower down was a forest of evergreen woods, then a natural park with a few hardy old pine trees scattered here and there down to the water's edge. I was just wishing for a boat when my eye caught sight of two moored close in to the bank opposite me and half hidden by water willows. As soon as we reached higher ground I discovered a large cabin built of hewn logs, which seemed to nestle back from the trail among the trees. As we approached the house there came forth to meet us a young girl, and as a happy, gladsome song came floating out to us I was sure that none but Gladys could own that voice. When the singer came up sure enough it was she. I was so glad to see her lovely face and hear her sweet voice again I could hardly restrain myself from acting up like some rude school-boy would toward his playmate sweetheart, and I am not sure but I should have said or done something that would have shocked her delicate sense of propriety only I was called to account by experiencing extreme pain in my wounded limb, caused by putting too much weight on it in leaning forward to take her hand, which she extended to me after she had spoken to our host and received her father's loving embrace.

After Miss Gladys had expressed her gratification at the rapid improvement I had made toward recovery we all went on to the house, where every comfort was provided for us and I was advised to take a much-needed rest, which I was glad to do.

Early the following morning Mr. Yead came to my room and informed me that he must attend to some business and would be away the greater part of the week, but would return about Saturday, if not before. He assured me that the people, who were his relatives, would not withhold a hearty welcome and would do everything possible to make my stay pleasant.

I hastily dressed myself and was soon at breakfast with



the family, Mr. Yead having taken an early breakfast and departed.

The week that followed, spent in this mountain home, will never be forgotten while I live. While I could not make extended trips into the mountains, owing to the fact I was compelled to use a crutch and cane to assist me in locomotion; yet in the company of Miss Gladys, and sometimes other members of the family, we sailed the waters of the lake from end to end many times over. We fished, we took short excursions on horseback and visited some of the nearest neighbors, and in talking to the men I could discern the influence of Mr. Yead on every hand, for while these people were familiar with the doings of the world, they evinced no interest in politics, and on my seeking to lead them to discuss the effect of the anti-trust laws, they would say: "These laws have no effect on us one way or the other, for we have learned to take advantage of every law that is favorable to the trust, and we allow the money princes and the kings of finance to fight the bloodless battles for us, in the same manner as the rich men allow the poor to fight the bloody wars for them."

The strangest thing of all was that when I asked them to give me an outline of the plans which worked so admirably to the good of all they would make answer: "Read Revelation, 14:3. No man could learn that song but the Hundred and Forty and Four Thousand."

So the time flew and when Saturday arrived I was really sorry, for I felt as if this was the place for me to spend eternity. On Sunday morning we again went to the church in the valley, and as we filed along down the trail, with Miss Gladys just before me, I could not help but think of how she had led the way in our flight before the bandits nineteen months before under circumstances very different.

I recalled the untiring patience she had shown while nursing a sick and peevish man—as I was—back to health, and how she read and sang for me, and how she had shed tears of happiness and joy when I was able to sit up and join the family at table the first time. I was now fully awak-

ened to the fact that the future was dark and joyless if it should be that this happy girl must go out of my life.

But we had now arrived at the church, and the people were there before us. Mr. Yead went directly to the pulpit, and after the song-service he began the second sermon, or "The Sermon on the Crimes of the Beast."

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE SERMON ON THE CRIMES OF THE BEAST.

DEAR BRETHREN: As we again come together we have reason to thank God for His blessings. We have health and are able to enjoy the wealth of sunshine which is the gift of God. Our hopes are high for the future, for we have heard the warning against the power of the Beast, which God has given to men through His prophets.

We have applied the remedies given us by God's Word, both in temporal and spiritual things, and found they are sufficient for all our needs. Yea, my beloved, I have faith in your fidelity to right and in God's plans for the good of all people.

I am glad to know that even at this hour there is in our midst a man destined by the All-wise Creator to act as His servant in gathering the people together under the banner of the "Hundred and Forty and Four Thousand," where they can learn the "New Song," which is a secret from the mighty hosts that are marshaled together under the command of the Beast. For 'tis written: "Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth." We are glad of the evidence we have that God still strives with the people and uses His chosen servants to point out the dangers that threaten them. We praise God and rejoice when we see the evidence that God is still planning for the people's good, even if they have for centuries rejected His counsel given through the prophets and later through wise statesman of our day and of the generation just passed from this life to the life beyond.

Abraham Lincoln saw as a vision the awful menace to the liberties of the people in the centralization of wealth growing out of the war and the railroad subsidies legislation

and the robbing of the people by premiums on gold forced by vampires who had the government by the throat. For the Beast forced the people to give more than a "pound of flesh," when it had not a semblance of a contract by which the people had agreed to give them flesh, much less blood, which was taken from a suffering people because of their sore distress.

Washington warned the people against keeping one man in office too long. Many of our countrymen have warned the people of their danger, and pointed out the crimes already perpetrated against the people; but those whom they sought to serve turned a deaf ear, and closed their eyes to the finger that sought to point them to a place of safety. And thus our brethren who sought to do good and not evil all the days of their lives passed to the other shore with sorrowing hearts, because of the suffering that was to come to those they loved. For the people "having ears, hear not; and eyes, see not." We have stood near their open grave and cried out with Nero, "On, on with the dance!" and we, too, have been "fiddling while Rome is burning." In the face of all this I say we have stood idly by while the Beast "*That Was, Is Not, and Yet Is*" has grown from a mere speck on the body politic to the *Monster* that John points out as having power over all that dwell upon the earth.

The Prophet Habakkuk says, in describing the Beast, that he enlargeth himself as *Hell*, and is as *Death*; and he gathereth to him all nations, and heapeth to him all people. As each head of this Beast has separate functions, and has charge of separate crimes, we will examine into the crimes of each head separately.

We will begin with the Petroleum Oil Head. This head has committed many crimes, but, like a wise old serpent, hides not only its miserable old carcass, but its works also; and there are no authenticated statistics obtainable, and we can see its work only by the small concerns it sucks into its capacious maw, around which it first casts its tentacles as the devil-fish does with its prey. If you cut off one arm, another comes in its place. Even the United States courts seem powerless to learn how to destroy this *Monster*. So we can only



guess of its crimes and make comparison. We know that the income of Mr. Rockefeller, who is only one of the men known to belong to this head, is \$60,000,000 a year.

In other words, one man that composes only a small part of this head receives more in one year than one thousand families could spend for the necessities of life in a natural lifetime. In fact, one hundred thousand families could live in perfect opulence on his income from year to year. Yet, my friends, Rockefeller returns not one penny's worth of value to the people, or to the earth from whence he takes this enormous wealth. When we think of the fact that he can't even comprehend its vastness, much less enjoy it personally, we then see the enormity of the crime; for he segregates and holds this wealth in lands and other property, and the people suffer because of the loss of its use, and at the same time it is not used by him, nor could it be if he lived a million years.

I now pass to the next head, the Iron and Steel Trust. S-t-e-a-l in its meanest and lowest application is too good a name for this head; for it has stolen from the government that fed and fattened it and gave it life. The steel armor frauds perpetrated by this beastly head on the steel-clad ships of Uncle Sam's navy are a sufficient crime to damn this Beast to perdition.

But we must hasten, so we will pass this head of the Beast. Also the *Meat Trust Head*, by simply saying that millions of labor wealth have been taken from the people by this *Monster* head of the Beast. We will also pass for the present the heads and horns of this monster known to men as the Lumber Trust, Tobacco Trust, The Binder-Twine, Rope, Coal, and many other trusts that we cannot spare the time to mention. All of which have power to draw the products of labor from the pockets of the people.

Is it any wonder that Christ said: "Woe unto you that are rich;" "Woe unto you also, ye lawyers, for ye laden men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." For, men and brethren, do not the men who have grown rich from their

thievery always have the lawyers on their side to assist them to fasten the burden on the backs of the toilers?

I am not talking politics, but I am pointing out conditions with no reference to parties, nor the little obscure lawyer who has as hard a time to make both ends meet as the least of the poor, for I am sure there is no relief to be gained from any political party that has been, is now, or to be hereafter organized.

We will now devote our time to three heads of the Beast whose records are more open, and which we can get some facts about, namely: The Railroad Head, the Insurance Head and the Whiskey Head.

We will first notice the Railroad Head. This head, my friends, is not half as greedy as the ones I have mentioned, nor those I will mention hereafter; for they are used only as tools to crush out competition by the various heads of the Beast. The record of this corporation, or head, does not show so black as many others, but even that is saying but little in its favor.

Up to 1862 there was, comparatively speaking, but very little railroad built in the United States. But from that time on, and up to the time when the people began to learn something of the thievery of railroad building, and began a terrific howl, every railroad constructed was conceived in thievery and born in robbery; and there is irrefutable evidence that there was second-hand bribery used in high places to accomplish the robbing of the people of the United States. (Some writers fearlessly charge that the bribery was not second-hand, but overt and almost open.) One thing sure, and well known to almost every one, which is that the United States government built and paid for the Union and Central Pacific railroads, then gave them to the stockholders; and in order to make the gift more pleasing, the government added \$42,000,000 of the people's money in the form of 6 per cent bonds. It is a further fact that the stock issued by these two roads, though it carried with it the legal ownership of the roads, did not represent a dollar in money actually paid out by the parties to whom the stock was issued. It is another fact that the government allowed these roads to

bond themselves for \$94,000,000, which is the amount the government paid for their construction, and \$43,000,000 more than they actually cost. The government's claim was made a second lien, which has never been paid, interest or principal.

Some writers say that congress must have been hypnotized, but we have rather strong evidence that the medium used to carry the hypnotic influence was in the form of stock of the Credit Mobilier, which was the most peculiar corporation ever organized, and was described as the "wheel within a wheel," whereby the government paid construction profits to the owners of the roads, besides giving them the roads.

Another remarkable fact is that the grafters induced the government, while in the giving-away-of-the-people's-money business, to enlarge their generosity and give away the people's land also. So they gave away in Nebraska and Kansas about 64,000 farms of 160 acres each. The value of such farms, at a very low valuation, was over 50,000,000 dollars. Then again, wonderful to relate, the government, to enhance the value of the land given away, restricted homesteaders from acquiring more than 80 acres inside the railroad limit, which was twenty miles on each side of the road, which transaction doubled the value of the railroad gift land.

Methinks I hear you ask, Is that all? and I am compelled to say no, for I must tell you that men who pre-empted land inside of the railroad grant were compelled to pay \$2.50 an acre to the government for it, while the man across the road, outside of the railroad grant, had to pay only \$1.25 an acre for the same kind of land. In other words, the settler had to double up and get the same number of settlers inside the grant limit as outside, and every time a settler pre-empted a home he paid for his farm and also one for the railroad company; and when this man who paid for a farm for the railroad company sent freight over, or wished to ride on the road, he paid just as much for the privilege as other people who had not so directly contributed to the wealth of *"these poor fellows who owned the railroad"* by buying them a farm!

I will not recite at length the practices of these companies in watering their stocks in order that they will not



show a too great per cent of earnings; nor their methods of freezing out the small stockholders by reorganization, and going into the courts under a receiver; and how they allow foreclosure and a few buy in the road at a small part of its value, for all well-informed people know about that villainy. I must hasten on as I have many greater crimes to lay at the door of this head.

In 1904 there was in force in the United States railroad stock of a par value of \$6,477,045,374, which is many times more than the cost of construction. They have in bonded indebtedness \$8,355,077,374. This money, which was derived from the sale of bonds, built and equipped the roads, which leaves the stock all water, as it does not represent a dollar paid out by the original holders of such stock toward the actual building or equipping of the roads.

I do not wish to be understood to say that all who own stock in railroads received it free of expense, for that is not the case. But I do say that the men who received it in the first instance not only did not pay anything for it, but, in addition to their getting the stock free, they received millions of dollars in 6 per cent government bonds also, as free as the water of the Mississippi river.

Anyone fairly well informed can, if they will, trace the foundation of the vast fortunes of Stanford, Huntington, Croker and Hopkins to the free gift of railroad stocks and bonds of the United States, together with the free land grants.

Of course, when stock was sold by these people they received good money for it, but we notice that just before an increase in the capital stock the earnings of the roads are depressed and the stock depreciates in value and is bought up by the manipulators, and when the big end of it is in their hands they issue more stock to themselves, which they claim represents the increased value because of the improvements and extensions, when, in fact, the extensions and improvements were paid for from the earnings of the roads, and thus the people are made to pay for new roads that they do not own out of their stock and the earnings that belong to them if they received their just dues.

The reports show that the people pay in freight and pas-



senger charges, over and above all running expenses of railroads in the United States, the sum of \$487,322,366 each year. From this sum the roads pay \$275,800,200 interest on their first mortgage bonds, which bonds are held in most cases by the owners of the roads. This leaves them \$211,522,166 to put in their pockets as a profit on something that does not represent an original investment of a dollar. To illustrate this and make it plain, we will suppose you could find some one who would loan the full cost of a house, say \$1,000.00; now we will say the interest on the money is \$5 per month or \$60 a year, and that you rented the house for \$10 a month. Would you not receive a profit of \$60 a year on an original investment of nothing, except a piece of paper called a Deed, which paper cost you nothing. Now again; if you would sell that paper for \$500 in cash would you not be selling that paper at a fictitious value, or a value arbitrarily fixed by yourself, and not fixed by the original cost, so that your stock in the house is water, and it remains water after you sell it to another. So it is with railroad stocks; they draw from the labor of this country millions of profits on nothing but a paper title.

That is not all, for we find that 10,000 men, called officers, draw an average of \$9 a day, and no lost time charged against them, and all their expenses are paid; while 1,300,000 men, whose work is much harder, draw an average of \$2.25 a day, and pay their own expenses, and lose all the time that they are not actually at work, which lost time reduces their wages to about \$1 per day for the year. In other words, 10,000 men get \$1,080,000 a year for light work; while the same number of laborers, with much harder work, get only an average of \$22,500 per year. Still, in other words, one set of men gets \$1,067,000 more money than the same number of men in another class.

We close consideration of this head of the Beast by saying that the system of keeping extra men in most all departments of railroad employment, who make a mere living by working when the regular men lay off, serves the companies as a safeguard in case of strikes, for the men on the extra board are anxious to get regular jobs, and some of them will

work as strike-breakers, if occasion requires, in order that they get steady employment. Thus the average wages actually paid to all the men, regular and extra, is reduced very low for the year, and just furnishes a bare living for the man.

Thus ends the description of the methods and crimes of the smallest and the least criminal of the Heads of the Beast we have to consider. We will now turn to the next Head of the Beast, which is called the Insurance Head.

Dear brethren, let us thank God that we of this our community are not under the awful ban of this beastly head. Yet we have sorrow for the hardships that are suffered by our fellowmen who are robbed because they love their wives and children.

But we have reason to thank God for his light, for it has penetrated the minds of many people, and they have banded themselves together in Fraternal Societies which accumulate widows' and orphans' funds to educate and care for them in youth and in widowhood. This we recognize as a step toward God's plan that we of the Society of Yead adopted at the beginning of our association.

However, my brethren, we realize that their partial failure comes from the fact that they are divided into so many separate orders. Thus the cost is enormously increased over what it would be had they but one, or even three or four, organizations to keep up.

We have discovered another serious defect in their plans, for they pay large sums of money into the hands of people who are without experience in any kind of business, becoming easy prey to designing persons, or victims of failing banks and other business ventures, and are soon left in poverty, and their sons drift into the service of the Beast, where they serve for a mere existence, or sink into the slums of crime and are lost to society and become strangers to God's righteousness; and the daughters fill the bad houses of the eastern cities, or toil in the sweat-shops in poverty, and those who try to follow the laws of God's nature in marriage must dwell in crowded tenement houses, where their offspring have no advantages and can learn naught but crime and lewdness. Sta-

tistics show that 90 per cent of those who receive insurance are in poverty three years thereafter.

Christ commanded his followers saying, "Be ye brethren." And God taught his chosen people to work together that the whole might succeed.

We find the German people have more nearly followed this method than any other nationality, except, perhaps, the Swedes and Norwegians; and their uniform business success is the marvel of the new world. The cause of their success is traceable to the fact that they guard the community interests under the direction of the experienced Fathers, and help each other through their clan.

So it has come to pass that we have resolved to send forth God's workers, that we may assist Him in banishing crime and poverty, and doing battle against the Powers of the Beast, and help the people to help themselves.

But, as I have explained all this before, we will now look into one of the greatest robberies the world has ever known. This Head works on the love of the father and the husband for his wife and children. It uses the divine sentiment of men to thrust its thieving hands into the pockets of its victims. Next to the oldest of these beastly vampires is the Mutual Life, of New York, which is over sixty years old, and while the same proportion of steal to the amount paid into these concerns was always about the same, the gross stealings were not so great at first, for the very good reason that they did not get the money, and therefore, they could not steal it.

Men of the most powerful talents were placed in the field by these companies to preach protection by life insurance to the people, and to create sentiment in that direction, and they succeeded so well that the first concern was a success from the start; and then, as soon as men learned of the golden harvest to be reaped by being at the head of the concerns, there seemed a spontaneous growth of them, and they were organized thick and fast, until hundreds were brought into existence, and their agents were to be found everywhere.

The people paid into the insurance companies in 1904 the sum of \$650,000,000. The same year the companies paid back to the people, from the people's own money, the sum of



\$165,000,000 in death losses, dividends and surrender values. In other words the people handed the insurance companies \$1 and the companies gave thirty cents back. And that is what they call protecting the people against loss!

I do not believe I would experience difficulty in any Christian city or community in finding as many men as I would call upon who would be willing to give me a good note, well secured, for \$30 in return for \$100 in lawful money of the realm. I am sure that if I should make this proposition, and convince the people I meant it by placing the money in sight, that I would have men around me in an hour like good housewives around a bargain counter.

Yet that is the very thing the insurance companies have fooled the policy-holders into doing. The people handed over to the companies \$70 for the privilege of paying their loved ones \$30 of their own money after they are dead! And then I hear the people call that business, and safe insurance! I will tell you what I call it. I call that kind of "business" the working of the Black Art; or the hypnotic influence of the Great Snake, or Red Dragon, whose power was given to THE BEAST THAT "WAS, IS NOT, AND YET IS."

It reminds me of a story I once heard. A Sunday-school teacher requested the children to recite a verse the next Sunday, as they deposited their offering to the Foreign Missions. Three little boys responded with the verse as requested. Here are the verses: First boy, "God loveth a cheerful giver"; second boy, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"; third boy, "The fool and his money soon parteth." So, my friends, the poor laboring man who dumps his hard-earned cash into the coffers of Old Line Insurance Companies, to be used by them in paying millions of dollars for two-cent princes for their misguided daughters, is in the same boat with the man who so easily parts with his cash.

This, my friends, is not all the story, for in the recent Armstrong investigation, by the insurance department, it was found that two men, Richard A. McCurdy and his son, drew jointly, from The Mutual Life, of New York, \$266,000 per year. That, my friends, is more money than the Governors of all the States combined receive in salaries. All



the companies do not have such highly-paid officers and agents, but they are all paid in about the same proportion, with respect to income and volume of business; so the result is about the same in all old-line companies, so far as the cost to the policy-holders is concerned. Some people say they are safe because they collect so much money they cannot go broke. They are indeed safe for the stockholders!

But there is another phase of the question that is worthy of consideration, namely: I assert that every company on earth fails for someone every month of the year, for every time a policy-holder is forced to lapse out because of excessive premiums, or for any reason discontinues his insurance in one of these companies, that company has *failed* so far as *this* policy-holder is concerned, and he has *lost* every dollar he paid into it. The company has his money, for which they never did, nor never will, *return* to him a penny. It cannot even be urged that he received the benefits of the insurance cost for the time he was insured, for had he not been forced to pay two-thirds more than he should have done, at a just rate, he could have made his payments and kept insured; but now, because of his advanced age, he must pay higher premiums for future insurance. Thus you will see he pays again, in increased cost, for the time he carried the lapsed policy.

But let us look at just one of the big companies and see what we can figure out. The Mutual Life has over \$1,600,000,000 in force, but in over sixty years it has but \$441,000,000 saved out of the billions of dollars received from the people. So if there were no more lapses in policies, and every man continued until his policy was matured, this company could not meet its liability by nearly one billion dollars, for if it does in future as it has in the past, it would have only \$882,000,000 to pay \$1,600,000,000 in insurance with; but those interested do not worry, for they know that thousands will drop out because of the excessive premiums and leave millions in their hands.

So this is a wise old Head, for it places the premiums so high that they force about 90 per cent out of the game before death or the expiration of the payment period, and in

this way they have a fine lose-your-money-or-your-life game, and not an investment, as they would have you believe. The only investment I can find in it is the investment made by the duped policy-holders for the benefit of the company and its officers. If one will figure just a little he will find it the best game of "Heads I win, tails you lose" on record, except one, perhaps, which is the Whiskey Trust.

Take an old-line rate book and figure it out for yourself. You will find that in any form of endowment insurance you pay in more money if you live and pay it out than will be returned to you, not counting interest at all. If you will get the mortuary tables and figure from them you will see that what is true of endowment is also true of all other policies, from the whole life down to the single payment. Even in the cheapest policy the old liners sell they receive from payment and interest at 4 per cent an average of \$700 more than they return to the policy-holder.

I will give the results on a one-thousand dollar policy at the age of 35, in the whole-life policy of the Mutual Life, presuming that they all lapse after twenty years (the policies to carry \$1,000 each). Number of deaths in twenty years, 211 (see mortuary table); policies paid, 211; cash necessary to pay policies, \$211,000; amount paid in by policy-holders, \$557,600; balance in hands of company after paying losses, \$346,600.

Space and time will not permit, or I would be pleased to submit figures on all policies offered by companies to the public, but this will serve as a starter for those wishing to investigate and they can continue the subject by using the rate books of the companies and the interest tables, which they will find in almost any Rate Book, as well as Tables of Expectancy, and Mortuary Tables.

I cannot resist the temptation to make a few comparisons before I close this subject. The companies in the United States receive in premiums over 400 million dollars each year in excess of what they return to the policy-holders in death losses, dividends and expenses (I have given the old-line companies 85 millions more than is found to be necessary by the fraternal insurance orders). Therefore, it will be readily seen

that these companies take more money in profits every five years than there is in circulation in this country. In every fifty years their profits would buy a \$1,250 home for every man, woman and child in the United States. Then stop and ask yourself why millions of our countrymen are homeless and why so many of our old men and women, who have spent their lives in honest toil, are in the poor-house, and now, when the winter of life is upon them, when they need to be comforted, are doomed to a weary wait for death to take them hence; and that, too, my brother, when they have produced more wealth in their lives than would keep them in comfort, and even luxury, even if they lived four lives as long as they have one.

I am sure no one would expect anything more from these machines of robbery and extortion when they learn that the men employed by the different heads of concerns are directly under the control of the Standard Oil Company and its illegitimate offspring, the Trust, which is the second Beast spoken of by John the Revelator, who received the power of the first Beast, which I have offered abundant proof is the Standard Oil Company, with its many heads and horns.

We cannot with reason expect more from this mysterious Thing called an IT when we consider the fact that there is not one drop of human kindness or sympathy in its composition.

It has no real existence, except by fiat of law and the acquiescence of human beings; yet it does exert its deadly power over the destinies of peoples and nations. It has no blood, soul or conscience; it cannot feel pain, or sorrow; nor can it experience pleasure in the good or the beautiful, nor appreciate the joys of an ideal existence.

It uses men as tools to further its ends, which are only to satisfy its gluttonous desire to fill its maw with the substance of the earth, and the people whom it has robbed, crushed and enslaved.

Thomas W. Lawson stirred up the animals with his fire-brand of exposure, and he has been vindicated by investigations which proved his exposures to be true.



Did not the McCalls, the McCurdies and the Alexanders admit their own guilt by their willingness to resign positions that were gold mines to them. Did not Mr. Lawson say the Standard Oil and its "System" pay their henchmen well for their perfidy, and is it not proof to any man with intelligence that the heads of these insurance companies were only tools to do the bidding of the beastly Standard Oil, with its seven heads and many horns and branches?

Does any one believe the presidents of these companies would have lain down so easily if they had held their offices in their own right, and had not been engaged in the nefarious business of robbing the people of their money, which they could use to buy legislatures and other governmental bodies for the Standard Oil and the System of the Beast? And finally, what more evidence than I have given is necessary to prove that the men who officer these companies are anything but servants of the Standard Oil Company? It would seem that such evidence would appeal to the most unthinking as being conclusive.

And yet, besides all this, we have the sworn and written statement of Thomas W. Lawson and others to the effect that this Beast is under the direction of the Standard Oil Company, and has corrupted legislatures and other law-enacting bodies of the United States. The crimes of perjury, treason, grand larceny and the crime of forcing men to suicide have been imputed to them, and remain unchallenged.

Mr. Hamilton admitted that he received hundreds of thousands of dollars for his services and to be used in defeating laws that would tend to hurt the business of this Beastly Thing.

On my last visit to the Eastern States I gathered some statements that I found spread upon the records in the Insurance Departments of the State House of the several states, which I give in deductive substance.

I learn from these sworn statements that every \$1,000 invested in the organization of old-time insurance companies twenty-five years ago is now worth \$30,000, and in addition to that has paid in cash \$500 each year into the pockets of the stockholders. Eighty-two of these companies have taken



from the people in profits 300 billions of money, in addition to the sum of over 15 millions paid in cash dividends, which is 50 per cent per annum on the original investment.

In addition to all this, they pay enormous salaries and keep up expensive agency companies to which the companies pay renewal commissions. Fifteen of these old-line companies paid out in seven years \$130,465,062 dollars to these agencies' companies—not from their own money, but from the funds that belonged to the people.

Yet they exclaim: "See what good we do in the world, for we employ thousands of men, and we pay them the highest wages of any business in the world." The people cry: "Hallelujah!" and cry out in the language of Christ's Revelation, "*Who is liken unto the Beast?*" and "*Who can make war with him?*"

Yea, verily, the people do worship the Beast, and the prophecies of Revelation are fulfilled.

The people are taught by the hypnotic influence of the Beast that they are making an enormous per cent on their savings when they get 6 per cent to 8 per cent interest on their money. Yet, organized wealth in insurance companies, farm loan companies, railroads and manufactories of all lines, which are parts of the Beast, receive from 50 per cent to 250 per cent on the original capital actually invested. So that there is not more than 6 per cent to 8 per cent left for the people, after the Beast takes its unjust share.

So again we behold the fulfillment of Christ's prophecy given us through John, for it is written: "*He deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by means of these miracles which he has power to do.*"

So, my dearly beloved, let us give of our substance that the Light may be carried to our suffering brethren in the states from whence we came, and whom we love, that the good people of this our beloved country may be freed from the power of the BEAST, that the fear of suffering in old age may be removed from them and be replaced with brotherly love and kindness for their fellow man, that their hearts may be softened toward the radiant beauty of Nature, and

that they may discard falsehood and deceit, which they must now practice to live.

May God add His blessings. Amen.

When Mr. Yead had dismissed the meeting, and after a love-feast of hand-shaking, I was introduced to the people as the man who was to spread the good work now enjoyed by these simple folk among the people of the Eastern States.

We again returned to the mountain home of Mr. Anderson, who was a cousin of Mr. Yead, where we passed another week all too quickly.

On the following Sunday we again went to the church in the valley, where we listened to the last great sermon poured out to the people by that wonderful speaker who is known in the beginning of this story as "J. Y.," or the man with the "white whiskers," but whose full name is Joseph Yead.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE SECOND SERMON ON THE CRIMES OF THE BEAST.

DEAR BRETHREN IN CHRIST AS WELL AS HUMANITY: As we take up the subject let us apply our minds carefully to the lesson.

You will find the text in Habakkuk, second chapter, and beginning at the second verse to verse five inclusive:

"And the Lord answered me, and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables that he may run that readeth it.

"For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come.

"Behold his soul which is lifted up is not upright in him: but the just shall live by his faith.

"Yea, also, because he transgresseth by wine, he is a proud man, neither keepeth at home, who enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied, but gathereth unto him all nations, and heapeth unto him all people."

To close these lessons on the "BEAST," we now take up the Head of the Beast called the Whiskey Head.

This head is the most diabolical of any I have heretofore mentioned. That this is one of the heads of the Beast that John saw is proved by abundance of evidence, for when denatured alcohol was perfected and the people began to think they had something they could use instead of the product of the Standard Oil Company they were soon undeceived, for the Standard Oil Company had control of all the biggest stills. The small ones were powerless to compete with them, for the moment they tried to do so their doom was signed, sealed and delivered.

We again are convinced that the big breweries and distilleries are in the Trust and under the control of the Beast from the fact that almost every saloon receives its fixtures *free*, from the breweries and wholesale whiskey houses, and that, in many instances, the city licenses are paid by them.

Therefore the saloon man is but an agent of the Trust, and he is under the control of the Trust. And as the Whiskey Head of the Beast dictates to its agents what brand of stuff they shall keep on sale, this constitutes a monopoly which gives them absolute power to crush opposition. So the smaller concerns must worship the Beast or be killed (See Revelation, 13:15). *"Neither can they buy or sell, 'unless they go in to (co-operate with) the Beast' and receive his mark in their hand or their forehead."* (Rev. 13:16.) With this proof as to the identity of this head, we now pass to the crimes perpetrated against the people by this most beastly of all Beasts.

We turn to the United States Census Reports and we find some very interesting data, which give an idea how this curse on humanity robs the people of their substance, as well as their manhood.

We gather from the Census Reports that there is consumed in the United States 1,658,609,958 gallons of liquors per year, not considering the illicit still product (which the same authority says is very large), and besides the illicit stills, there are 2,000 small stills not reported because they were not canvassed. (See Census Reports.)

Now, as beer sells for an average of 80 cents per gallon by wholesale, and very much more than that when sold by the glass, we conclude that the price obtained by saloons would be at least \$2 a gallon. When we consider that the United States revenue is \$1.10 a gallon on whiskey, brandy and gins and all kinds of distilled perfume, extracts, etc., in which alcohol is used, we must conclude that \$2.50 a gallon would be a very low estimate as the wholesale price of the distilled product. When we consider that the man who drinks it gets it by the drink, and if we measure the rectified stuff, which means water and other cheap materials used, we must



conclude that from \$8 to \$10 a gallon is not more than they get at retail for the real whiskey sold by saloons.

Now, for the sake of being clearly within the limits of safety, let us assume that all liquors bring \$2 a gallon, which we must admit is too low, yet it will serve our purpose, and will illustrate the enormous crime committed by this beastly head and the loss sustained by the American people. Taking this conservative view of the matter, we see that the people pay out each year the enormous sum of \$3,317,219,916, and in twenty years they pay out \$66,344,395,320. Now, my friends, what does that vast sum of money mean? It is so vast that the human mind cannot measure it because it borders on the infinite.

We can, however, see that this vast sum of money would buy over two billion acres of land and pay over thirty dollars an acre for it; which would furnish every man, woman and child in this country with a home spot of more than twenty acres of ground, the products of which will support at least twenty people, or a population twenty times greater than we now have.

Let us carry the figures a little further. Sixty-six billion dollars is more money than there is in circulation in the world—five times over. If the people would place the amount paid out for whiskey each year in a common fund, and could get 6 per cent interest and compound it each year for twenty years, it would amount to over 128 billions of dollars, or enough money to build a \$7,200 home for every family in the United States. If that money was placed at 6 per cent interest per annum it would furnish an income to each family of \$432 a year, which is more than the average family of the laboring classes receives in a year from the labor of the head of the family in wages. If this 7,200 dollars was invested so it would bring 10 per cent, it would increase the income of each family \$720 a year. I hear the objection offered to this earning power of money being placed at 10 per cent on the ground that it is an absolute impossibility, for the reason that money is constantly seeking investment at from 4 per cent to 6 per cent, which I will admit

is true, under the present reign of the Beast, but let us look into the matter and see what we can figure out.

If we could in some way prevent the taking of such enormous profits by the various heads of this mythical octopus, whose stealings and robberies I have described in the lessons delivered on two previous occasions, then we could turn our money into channels of trade and give the people all their earnings, instead of just barely enough to keep them like slaves. There is no question that under proper organization, with equal division, the people would receive at least 20 per cent increase each year, even with the enormous waste that results from the present regime of public and private business. And more especially so if the Beast was not permitted to take to Itself 75 per cent of all increase which should go to the people.

Again, my friends, when we count the waste that is practiced by the people caused by the use of strong drink it demonstrates to our perfect satisfaction that 30 per cent to 40 per cent more of the temporal blessings would fall to the lot of the people if the Whiskey Head of the Beast was destroyed. If we spread the "Society of Yead" as we have determined to do, we will soon see the people flocking to the "Army of the Hundred Forty and Four Thousand," which army has been designated by God to do battle against the Beast, which God says in His Word will be subdued and will go to perdition.

Brethren, a short time since I read an article in a paper claiming to be the champion of the laboring men of all countries, and the paper scoffed at the idea that \$40 per year, which it admitted was the average amount spent by the laborer each year for strong drink, would have any effect toward impoverishing the laboring man.

Brethren and friends, stop and think. There are about 10 million laboring men in the United States, which means that they spend 400 million dollars every year for drink. Do you not know that that sum invested in homes, lands and other property would bring sunshine and gladness into lives where darkness, poverty and suffering now prevail? For shame! For shame that a paper which pretends to be the

friend of the Class-Conscious should make such a mistake—if it was a mistake(?).

But let us see what 400 million dollars a year means. Take your pencil and figure, when you will see that 400 million a year for twenty years is eight billion dollars, or three-quarters of all the money there is in the world, even if none of the money was ever lost or destroyed. Eight billion dollars is more than three times the money in circulation in the United States.

The value of all farm property is given by the Census Reports as 20 billion 500 million dollars, and by figuring you will see that men who labor drink up the entire value of all farm property once in every fifty years. The value of farm products is, including farm animals, six billion dollars. So you see that the laborers drink up that much money and two billions more in twenty years.

Now, friends, that expenditure of money is a total waste, and, if saved, would place the laboring man in easy circumstances in a few years.

You ask me how the simple saving of \$40 a year would very materially help the laborer? For that would be only \$800 in twenty years, and it would take thirty years to make \$1,200 saved. I will admit that \$800 is not so very much money, but it would seem quite a fortune to a great many men who have labored all their lives and have nothing to show for their labor, and are now old. But what would be the result if laboring people would form a company, such as the moneyed men do, and all put their money together, as they do, and have one of their number, or hire someone, to buy land, or make loans with it, as do the corporations; in that case, at 6 per cent earning power each man would have a little over \$1,500 in twenty years; and if he would keep it up for thirty years it would amount to over \$4,500 and at the same time force the saloon men and the *government* of the *United States* out of the whiskey business. Besides it would leave in the hands of the honest toilers of our country 45 billion 112 million dollars in property.

Under the present system this money must continue



to flow into the coffers of the drones, who do not "Sow, neither do they spin," but live like princes from the labor of fools.

Yet, my friends, they tell the laborer that the licenses collected by the city pay police officers and pave streets and save the people from paying high taxes, and people believe that kind of falsehood.

Dear Brethren, let us view this question from several standpoints and see what there is in it.

First—We all agree that men go into the saloon business for the purpose of making money. It is also a fact that every dollar expended by saloon men must be returned to them, together with rent, lights, wages of the bar-tenders, and a good profit on the business; for if it were otherwise the whiskey men would be forced out of business; hence, every dollar of this money is paid by the patrons of the saloons; so the men that keep up the saloon are our brothers and are the fathers, husbands, and citizens of our towns, and not the men running the saloon.

The Supreme Court of the United States has adjudged the whiskey business to be an outlaw; therefore every license issued to men for the sale of whiskey operates just the same as if we would appoint a gang of outlaws to hold up our farmers, mechanics and laborers and take their money and give it to the drones who produce nothing of value to society. Just think of a Christian city or state permitting the commission of crimes for a *part* of the spoils of the crime! when the city could, without any crime, get more revenue from the same citizens, and, at the same time, save to the people at least 90 per cent of the cost of collection, which goes to the saloon men and Whiskey Trust, under the criminal methods of collecting revenue that are employed today.

Again, we would not have to spend more money than we receive prosecuting men for the crimes they commit while under the influence of strong drink; nor would we issue permits to part of our citizens to induce others to form vicious habits by which they are made so feeble-minded that they will give 90 cents to a saloon-keeper as a commission for carrying 10 cents to the city treasurer's office, when the la-



borer himself passes the door of the treasury on his way to the saloon.

When we hear a man arguing that the saloon pays his taxes for him we must say he does not know what he is doing or that he is a knave and cares not for his fellowman just so he can induce the laborer to pay *his* taxes for *him*, or that he is engaged in the business of patting the laborer on the back as a means of flattery and saying: "You are a good fellow and I think much of the laboring man, for you pay a part of my taxes for me and you make it possible for me to stay indoors when it is cold and bad weather; and you enable me to have a good time with my friends on most all other days; for you pay my taxes by drinking, and you pay enough to the saloon-keeper so that he can pay me good rent on the building where his business is and pay a license fee to our government, and I can dodge that tax also. Oh, I do like you so well for the good you do me and the government. Do you know, if you were not such a good fellow I would have to work in the dirt just like you have to do?"

Of course, it does not hurt you, dear laborer or farmer, for you are used to it. Then you have little or nothing any way, and what you have is mortgaged, and besides you get a nice drink of whiskey, which is well worth the money even if it does not cost more than 10 cents on the dollar to manufacture it. Then you owe the government your gratitude for what it has done for you whiskey drinkers, for the government has gone to great expense preparing free warehouses for the whiskey men to store the whiskey in, and while the whiskey is in bond the government places a stamp on the package which informs the drunkard how good the whiskey really is that he drinks. And then the government collects a tax after the whiskey is taken from bond, so you don't have to pay for your drink until you get it.

Let us consider the question from another standpoint. When you consider the matter you will be compelled to conclude that every bushel of grain made into whiskey to be used as a beverage is a total loss to the people of the world as a whole, which I will illustrate as follows:

If these beings who call themselves *men* wished to learn

the truth they could do so by devoting only a few minutes of time to honest investigation.

If anyone will consult a good physician he will tell them that alcohol is an anti-septic, which means life-destroyer, and taken into the stomach in sufficient quantity it is as deadly as any other poison. The doctor will also tell you that there is not a particle of food property in pure alcohol, any more than there is in wood ashes; nor is it a true stimulant like capsicum (pepper) or ginger, for the reason that alcohol very soon destroys protoplasm life, while a true stimulant quickens but does not kill.

Again we will assume that all the people were at work producing food, raiment and habitations for themselves. They would find that they could produce all they could consume, and in doing this they need not work but half the time. What would you think of the people if they would get together and would complain to each other and say: "We have all we want of this world's goods and to spare, but we have too much time to hunt and fish for pleasure; and we have too much time to visit our friends, and to read and improve our minds. Let us select a part of the able-bodied men and set them to burning all the grain that we do not need for food or feed, which will compel the balance of us to work every day and good long hours of the day, in order that we be enabled to keep these destroyers of our product in a manner befitting the station to which we will lift them. They will have to have the very best of everything; we will bedeck their wives and children with diamonds and gold jewelry. If we do this we will have no more time for pleasure."

I ask you again, what would you think of a people who would deliberately do this thing? I further submit that is just what the people are doing for the men who sell whiskey.

The people bow down before this monster that they exalted, and "*They worship the Beast and say 'Who is liken unto the Beast, who is able to make war with him?'*"

For is it not a fact that all the people keep the few men who are in the whiskey business in clothes and food and pay their rent and clothe their families and pay them homage just to have them destroy the corn and rye that it takes

to produce the whiskey, and is it not a fact that the drinking of that whiskey does the drinker no good; and is it not a fact that the corn and rye used in its manufacture would do unlimited good as food if it was placed in the hands of poor people who need it to keep them from hunger? And is it not a further fact that the laborer leaves off work and goes and helps the fellow who has spoiled good corn to make poor whiskey throw that whiskey in the sewer by way of his own stomach?

My friends, you can influence human beings more surely by education, religion and prejudice than by any other agency. But the hope of gain has been of late years gaining ground as a controlling influence.

The power of education and religion was shown in the war between Japan and Russia. The Japs, because of their religious education, which taught them that to die in defense of their country insured them a clear passport to the realms of eternal bliss, were as destitute of fear as a feelingless rock. We have seen that because of that education they, upon the command of their leader, threw their bodies on the bayonets of the Russians in order that they engage the whole attention of their country's foe, and at the same time form a human bridge over which their comrades might pass and, once in the barricade, strike down and put to flight the Russian army.

We have seen through all the history of the past that men have fought to the death for what they were taught were their rights. We must all admit that both sides to any controversy cannot be right; therefore millions of men gave their own lives for what they believed to be right, but was in fact wrong. We have seen the Hindoo woman sacrifice her first-born babe to the crocodile because of her education and religious fervor. England and the colonies were not both right, yet they fought and many died. The North and the South in this country were not both right, yet they stood brother against brother and father against son, with southern chivalry and northern valor, each with his life exposed, one as unyielding as the other; and thus they fought and died for what each believed to be their rights. And to this day



there stands many a noble mother in the Sunny Southland weeping over the grave of a son who died for what she still regards as a cause righteous and loved, but lost.

The rulers in the past, through the church and the minor officers of lords, squires, and peers taught the laymen to be loyal to and regard the King as a saint, when, in fact, he was but a tyrannical knave. So I say, and I do not believe I will find any man who will deny the truth of the statement, that the Whiskey Trust has used all the artifice known to the men who have been their tools to educate by falsehood and by working on the freedom-loving minds of men to *not* free them and keep them free; but to *enslave* them under a curse and thus take from them, not only their health and manhood, but the wage of their labor.

Who of us has not been present and heard the tool of the Whiskey Trust working on men by diffusing their dirty lies, which they call wisdom, and that, too, in the presence of boys whose minds are young and susceptible to any kind of falsehood that has the appearance of logical truth, and who have not experience sufficient to discern the true from the untrue. But let me recount some of their sayings which appear to unthinking minds as being the very essence of wisdom.

“Prohibition does not prohibit.”

“Kansas with all of her boasted prohibition has more licenses issued by the government than any other State with the same or more population with open saloons.”

“What is true of Kansas is also true with prohibition in Maine.”

We hear fellows thus argue the cause of the devil who are either whiskey sellers, or think they derive some pecuniary benefit from its sale; or they are enslaved in the meshes of the whiskey habit; or the charm of the Serpent is upon them, and that hypnotic power compels them to speak for their master, and that master has filled their minds with the falsities of their hellish vices so that they repeat the siren song as a poll-parrot does the foolishness of, “Polly wants a cracker, Polly wants a cracker.” They take particular pains to hide the fact that there are fully double the licenses sold



in Kansas compared to what there would be were it not for the fact that in most towns the violators of the law are kept on the move so much that they forfeit their licenses by having to get out and hide in order that they may not look through checkered bars of steel. And again these hypnotically controlled men who have sold themselves to the Devil and the "BEAST THAT WAS, IS NOT, AND YET IS" do not tell foolish men and little boys whom they victimize that prohibition does prohibit to a great measure, which is proved by the desperation with which the Whiskey Trust and all its hirelings of perdition fight and spend hoards of money to defeat prohibition in all States where it has any show of becoming a law. I say, my countrymen, that they forget, with all their pretended wisdom and logic, to tell why they are so anxious to repeal the law or prevent it from being enacted if they sell as much of their beer and whiskey in the prohibition states as they do in the open saloon states.

There is another peculiar thing about this question, namely: We never hear any man speak from the rostrum in favor of the open saloon, and when you approach men not engaged in the sale of whiskey directly, they invariably admit that the sale of the stuff is a crime and a curse that should be wiped from the face of the earth. Yet the hellish doctrine is still diffused among our young, so that it is not an uncommon thing to hear coming from the mouths of young men and boys who are not yet out of their 'teens, the stereotyped sentence: "*Prohibition does not prohibit,*" and many of these same boys will say that they themselves have been in prohibition states and could get whiskey in any town in such states. I have been quite an investigator of things during my life, and I have in a number of instances taken the names of boys and young men whom I have heard make the above statements, and called upon their parents at their homes and there learned that the boys, in most cases, were never in any state but the one in which they then lived, and knew no more about the workings of prohibition than they did about speaking the truth.

But I am asked what made these boys make such false statements? I answer that these boys were only reciting what

they heard some older person say, who was perhaps a hireling of the beastly Whiskey Head, which is plying its nefarious trade of passing out great chunks of educational propaganda through poor whiskey-soaked and benighted souls; while the King of Beasts lies curled up and hidden in the Spirits Frumenti that he (the serpent) had used to craze the brain, weaken the body, damn the soul, and transmit to the unhappy offspring of the children of men the same fetters that bound the father in his life as a galley-slave to that awful Beast which John the Evangelist called an "IT," and we call an IT, otherwise known as a Corporation, and the "BEAST THAT WAS, IS NOT, AND YET IS," which John says "Goeth into perdition." (See Rev. 17-11.)

So I say to mothers and fathers your boys are being trained to repeat the vile and false mouthings of that old serpent the devil, and are made the unwitting tools of the Whiskey Trust to spread the false education, are becoming besmirched with it so that soon they will be found singing the praises of the Beast, and will vote for his Satanic Majesty to further intrench himself and forge more chains to enslave, not only your sons, but hundreds and thousands of other sons of men and women yet unborn.

But these teachers of darkness bring into play the most powerful false argument of all and say, "Men! Men!! What kind of stuff are you made of that you disregard your own Liberty? Are you not of age and are you not a man and *free*?!!! Will you give over your liberty to a few preachers and old women? Did not your father fight on the battlefield that you might enjoy this glorious liberty of ours, where every man is a king over his own actions, where, if you will, you may eat and drink what you please and no man shall say you Nay?"

Dear brethren, did you ever stop to consider that the freest days of your life were when you were a bare-legged boy playing ball upon the green? When your father provided you with food and raiment and your loving mother at bedtime prayed for you and said, "God bless the boy!"

Did your father or grandfather really fight on the battlefield so you could have the liberty of taking that liberty of

which you boast and laying it at the feet of this *monster*, and receive in exchange his yoke of slavery? If he did so fight that you might be free to do this thing, do you not think he was in very poor business, and would it not have been as well, even better, if he had left you in bondage to a king rather than to have liberated you from the king of flesh and blood so you could be *free* to bind yourself to a soulless and conscienceless Serpent that holds you in bondage by the hypnotic dope called rectified whiskey that is made from the sugar extracted from cast-off rags, glucose and all manner of refuse molasses that cannot be sold to even the negroes of the South?

Do you think your father could smile down from heaven and be glad when he saw you carry your tribute to your master in the product of your labor? Do you think your dear old mother could thank her God that her boy was free, if she had seen you swallow that dope and then hear you talk to young men and boys of that glorious freedom you enjoy?

Here is a little poem which hints at what generally follows after the agent of the Whiskey Trust finishes his argument for foisting the saloon upon the people, and this verse also suggests an appropriate toast for them to repeat over their bowl of beer or glass of whiskey:

Here is to old glory,  
The flag that makes us free!  
We'll drink some good old rye  
For it fills us fools with glee  
Though our pockets they are empty,  
And we have not got a sou;  
But the day before election,  
The saloon will pull us through.

For two years past and gone  
We have worked to pay the tax;  
Though our children have no clothes,  
And we've no coats upon our backs;  
Yet we are loyal sons  
And our money we have spent—



The saloon man got it all—  
Every devilish, dirty cent.

Here's to Comrade Jones,  
Who is broken, old and gray!  
He us' to drink here with us boys,  
But he will soon go hence to stay;  
His old wife takes in washing,  
She has to because she's poor,  
She has an awful struggle now  
To keep starvation from her door.

So here's to our liberty, boys,  
Let's all give Freedom's yell!  
For we will all pay our part,  
Though our family sinks in —— poverty  
For the man who owns the goods  
Must have his auto-vans,  
So we must pay the taxes  
Upon his house and lands.

Now let us return to the language of the text.

This prophet says he was commanded to make his vision plain, and he says further that it was sure to come to pass. He was to make the vision so plain "that he may run that readeth it." If we will read verse 5 we will see the prophet did as he was directed, and did indeed make it plain "so that he may run that readeth it" and "a wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein." For here is what the prophet says: "Yes, also because he transgresseth by wine, he is a proud man, neither keepeth at home, who enlargeth his desire as *hell*, and is as *death*, and cannot be satisfied, but gathereth unto him all Nations, and heapeth to him all *people*." Now let us analyze the verse and see how well the prophet described the Head of the Beast that we have under consideration, which is plainly the Whiskey Head, for Habakkuk says: "*He transgresseth by wine,*" which is true. The prophet did not say whiskey because all liquors were called wine in the days of the prophet.

"*He is proud.*" So is the whiskey dealer proud, as the



Devil is proud when he walks up and down the earth seeking whom he may devour. The whiskey dealer is proud of his wealth and power. He wears diamonds, dresses his family in fine raiment, and supports the finest horses and carriages. So he is proud of that. His money and his business give him more power than all the churches combined when it comes to controlling politics. He boasts and lies of the wealth that the city draws from his hoard of ill-gotten gains. He is made doubly proud when the political candidate seeks his aid and bows to his dictations and with pomp and self-exultation he points his finger at the would-be-honest officer of the law and says: "Who placed you in that office?" and again, "Who can and will put you out of business next election? You know who will do it if you make us any 'trouble.' If you do not allow us to break the law we will see to it that some one is in your place that will." I need not say more about the devilish pride the whiskey man has of his power, for all have witnessed it for themselves.

*"His soul is not upright within him."* Ah, men and brethren, what a picture! Can a man engage in a business that ruins the lives of men, women and children and have a soul at all, much less an upright one? Can he! Can he!! How can a man sell whiskey to a poor, weak-minded man who is already blear-eyed, staggering drunk when he knows the added drink will only intensify the disease and make his awful condition worse? How can a man with a conscience or a soul do it?

I ask again, How can a man with an upright soul add more fuel to that awful fire that is burning out the stomachs and minds of his fellowmen just for one little dime or nickel, that he can add to his profits? The prophet has given the most perfect description, "For his soul is not upright within him."

*"Neither keepeth at home."* Does the Whiskey Head of this accursed Beast keep his despoiling product at home? No, not he, for he does just what the prophet says he does, for: "He enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied."

Oh, friends, in the name of all good, hearken unto the

burning words of God in this description. Are not the effects of strong drink likened unto death? And can the whiskey men be satisfied?

Let us now read the closing description as it comes from the pen of the prophet, for it reads, "*He gathereth unto him all nations and heapeth unto him all people.*" And thus the verse is closed. Can I add anything to the picture? Can I use any stronger words than the Word of God has done? No, a thousand times *No*. Language has lost its cunning to frame or pronounce one word more that would add to the weight of these wonderful words of wisdom and truth. Yea, more, it passeth the wisdom of man to preach such a sermon as is preached in that one verse.

I will claim your indulgence for but a little while longer, and then I will close. We read in the Word (see Rev. 17, v. 11) that the BEAST THAT WAS AND IS NOT goeth into perdition. Can a Beast with no soul or human feeling be punished, except through its human members, *who can feel* remorse? If so, then of what avail is the condemnation? Nay, my friends, all must be judged according to the deeds done in the body. So saith the Word. I can see no hope for a man who either takes life by the dagger, or the one who, for a few pieces of silver, betrays and destroys the homes and the happiness of women and children, and hands forth the broth of hell to his fellowman, that leads him on and on to his doom, both in this life and the life to come.

There may be hope for the poor demented drunkard who commits the awful crime. But I see none for the man who strikes his fellowman down in cold blood, even after I hear the best argument in favor of death-bed repentance, for there is one sin excepted by the Word, which is the sin against the Holy Ghost.

Do what I may I cannot help but see a picture of what seems to me is that sin.

I see in the distance a village surrounded with farms and homes of the honest yeomanry. I see a boy, who is the son of a widow, earning his bread as a farm-hand and assisting his widowed mother to care for the children who are yet too young to do a part.

I see that boy attending the common school in winter when work on the farm is over. I follow the life of that boy to manhood and see him rise from a farm-hand to a successful man of wealth. He loves his wife and children, he gives of his wealth to the poor, and he is known as the friend of the widow and the advisor of the orphan.

I see this man now returning to his home in the late evening, after going to the home of the coal-dealer, where he aroused the teamster, and, with extra reward, induced him to deliver coal at the home of a widow who was in need.

As this brave man walked up a dark street with a light heart, because he had sent relief to the widow and orphans in distress, I see a dark form spring from an alley, and I see the gleam of a dagger as it descends and is plunged to the hilt in the breast of this friend of the oppressed, and thus he is hurled into eternity without warning.

Behold! the body is discovered and bears evidence of murder and robbery. I see the murderer fleeing in the darkness, but he is detected and taken into custody by an officer. He is searched and the watch and other valuables of his victim are found on his person.

He is tried and found guilty, and the day of execution is fixed. He makes confession, and gives his history, in which he describes a happy childhood home and a moral training. He describes his wish to get money without work. He becomes a house-breaker, a saloon-keeper and a highway-man. He consorted with knaves and lewd women, and then committed several murders, and to escape the punishment for his crime he planned to cast suspicion on someone else who was innocent, but was made to expiate his crime.

I see the murderer ascending the scaffold, I hear his words as he professes religion and repentance, and I turn away to escape from that awful scene. And, lo! when I again turn my face that way the scene is changed and in its place I see a moving picture.

There is a broad footmen's road, on one side of which is a brooklet winding its way on to the sea. On the other there are many wild flowers casting their sweet perfume to the morning breeze. There are people, both old and young,



traveling upon this road; which leads down the incline to a place where a plank is spanning a great abyss at the foot of a mountain. The name of this plank is The Crossing of Forgetfulness.

On the opposite side of this abyss there is a narrow path that leads up the mountain side, and to a city on the summit. I see here and there pilgrims ascending the mountain to the City, and I wonder why all do not go that way.

I see a young girl whose modesty and virtue are imprinted on her girlish face? She seems to be saying "Good-bye" to her companion, whose appearance marks her as the mother of the girl. I see this child of eighteen summers approach and start across the narrow bridge, but, when near the center, she topples and falls with a wail of despair into the yawning abyss below. Soon the mother, who seems to not know the fate of her child, crosses the plank and travels in the straight and narrow way up and on to the pearly gates of the City.

I now see a man approach the plank. His face is lit up with a smile. I now discover this man is he who was murdered on the street while in the act of giving alms.

Hold! He now steps upon the treacherous plank, and when near the other side loses his balance, and, without a cry or complaining word, plunges from sight into the darksome pit; and the picture comes to an end with me; for I cannot see that Shadow of Darkness in human form approach and cross the plank in safety; with the dagger in his hand dripping human blood; and the hangman's rope on his neck; and the black marks of Cain upon his soul. No, no, I cannot see; I cannot see; and if I am wrong, may God help my unbelief. Amen. Let us pray.

#### CONCLUSION.

There is little more to tell.

After the sermon on the Whiskey Head the meeting broke up, and we visited in the settlement for a week, and I was taken into the Society of Yead.

After we returned to the mountain home of Mr. Yead I sojourned there for several months longer, and then es-



corted Miss Gladys to Elgin, Oregon, from where she traveled by rail to San Francisco, where she was to visit a few months and then return to her father's—where I shall surely see her again and hope for a life-long meeting.

We found the treasure where Miss Gladys had hidden it, and it was delivered to its rightful owners.

I took my leave of Mr. Yead, and, with "Happy Jack," whom I had sent for to meet me, I went back over the trail to my cabin and recovered my buried treasure.

In hunting through the season I wore out every garment I had, and was forced to adopt a dress of patch-work of the skins of beasts, in which I appeared at the depot at Denver.

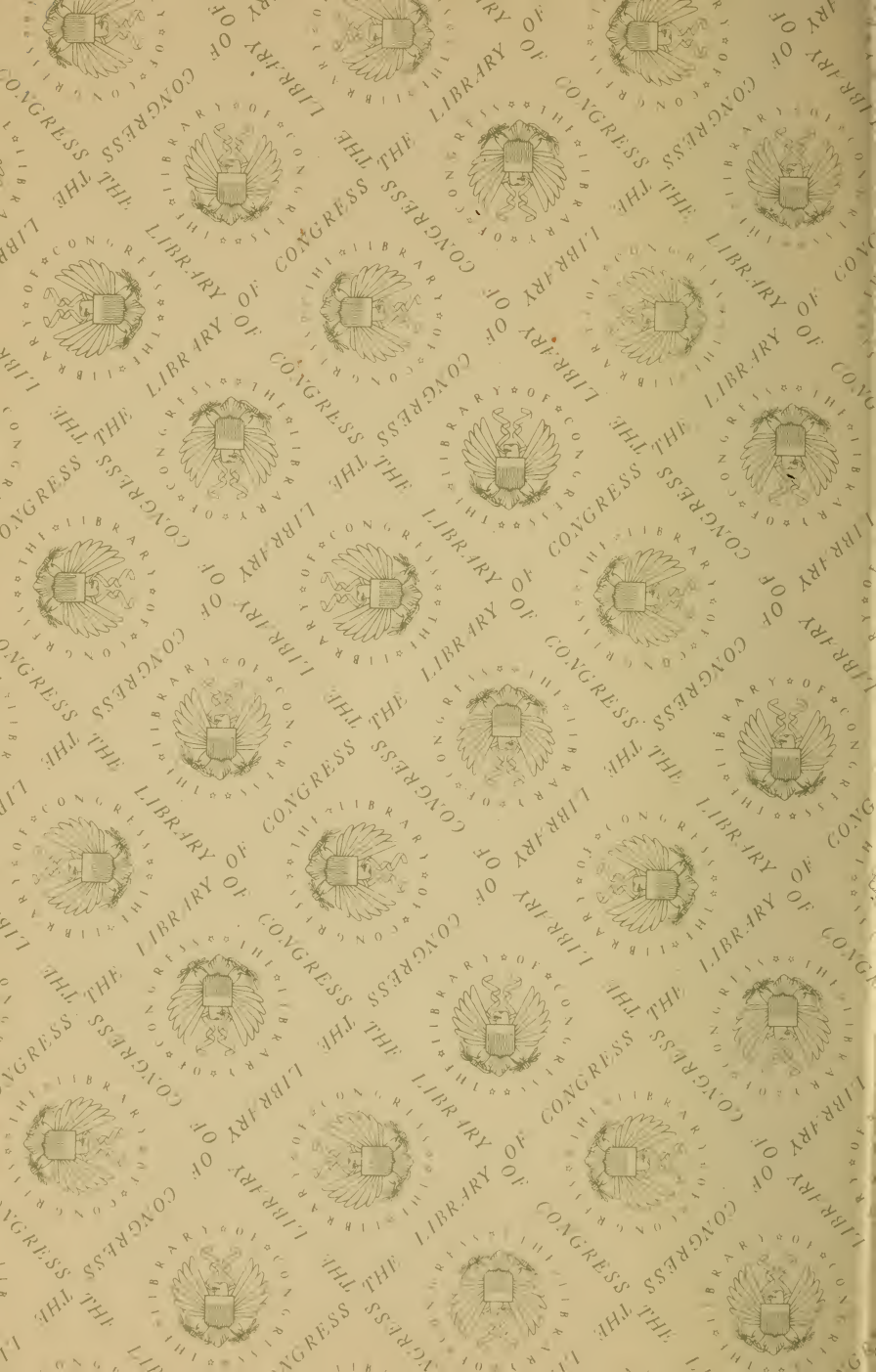
Here I met my friend, Mr. Dempsey, and he has agreed to join me in spreading the Society of Yead, which will bring blessings to all mankind that comes into its fold.

Dear Reader, there is a message for you in the "Preface" and "Introduction" that you will miss if you do not read them.

THE END.











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